EVERY OTHER INCH A GENTLEMAN—

AN ANONYMOUS HOLLYWOOD SAGA

MARCH 24, 1934

Liberty

5¢

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

WILL JAPAN SEIZE ALASKA?

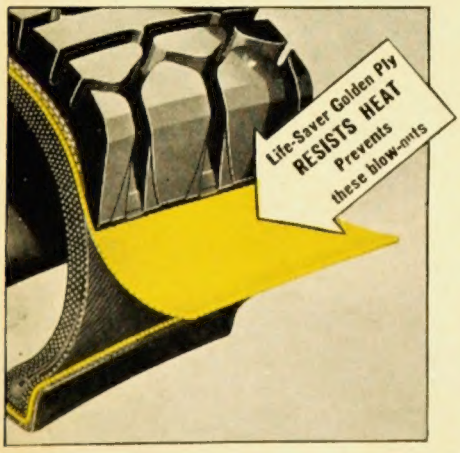
BY SENATOR

ARTHUR R. ROBINSON

A BLOW-OUT IN THE MAKING MAY BE IN YOUR TIRE RIGHT NOW

BLOW-OUT! WHY THESE TIRES WON'T BLOW OUT. THE DEALER TOLD ME SO
SLOWER, DEAR! I'M SO AFRAID OF A BLOW-OUT
– but they did have a blow-out!
GET A SET OF GOODRICH SILVERTOWNS — THEY HAVE THE GOLDEN PLY THAT PROTECTS YOU FROM BLOW-OUTS
LUCKY WE WEREN'T ALL KILLED

HOW GOLDEN PLY TIRE SAVES MOTORISTS' LIVES



NEW SILVERTOWN PREVENTS GREAT CAUSE OF BLOW-OUTS—GIVES MONTHS OF EXTRA MILEAGE—FREE!

A BLOW-OUT is like a snake in the grass. Unseen in advance, it strikes when you least expect it. Often when you think your tires are still good for thousands of miles. Often when you and your loved ones are *speeding* along some fast, crowded highway.

BANG! A blow-out. Desperately your hands grip the steering wheel. With all your strength you clamp down the foot-brake. No use. Your car swerves. You can't steer. Trees, ditches or speeding traffic block the way. Your lives are in the hands of Fate.

To protect motorists from blow-outs every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable invention resists heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented *before* it begins. The Golden Ply makes you 3 *times safer than before.* And here's proof.

Racing daredevils tested it out at breakneck speeds. On the world's fastest track. Gave it everything they had. Rubber got so hot it fairly smoked. *Not one blow-out.* Similar tires *without* the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run. And what's more, the Golden Ply Silvertowns kept right on eating up the miles.

In addition to being 3 times safer from blow-outs with the new Goodrich Silvertowns on your car, you'll get plenty of extra mileage, too. For, with the destructive effects of internal heat overcome by the Golden Ply, the big, rugged Silvertown outwears ordinary tires by *months.*

No extra cost!

Enjoy the priceless feeling of security every time you sit behind the wheel. Get more mileage than you ever got out of tires before. Play safe! See your nearest Goodrich dealer today about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns for your car. *And remember, they cost not a penny more than other standard tires.*

FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 328, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Goodrich *Safety* **Silvertown**
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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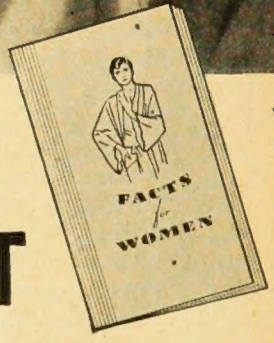
Marriage is no gambling matter



BETTER FIND OUT
BETTER BE SURE ABOUT IT

When the modern woman becomes a wife, how differently she meets the new and strange problems that accompany marriage! She *faces* things which the older-fashioned wife avoided. Her constant effort is to *find out* and *be sure*, as against the timid thoughts of a past generation.

Foremost among women's intimate problems today is feminine hygiene, and this is one subject that *every* modern woman knows is important. There has been a great deal of vague talk about it, but here we are putting it in language that is *clear* and *direct*.

First: the worry about poisons

No woman really *wants* to use a poisonous germicide on her body. Those who *do* take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. In other words, the only excuse that any woman ever had for the use of the old caustic and poisonous compounds was the absence of anything better!

Now even *that* excuse has gone. It disappeared on the very day that Science discovered *Zonite*. This great antiseptic-germicide has provided comfort and safety for hundreds of thousands—probably *millions*—of women. Among your acquaintances are many users of Zonite, who enjoy the peace of mind that should be yours also.

Zonite, as safe as pure water

No longer need women fear the touch of burning, poisonous germicides on sensitive tissues. Zonite removes all this fear, as well as the fear of accidental poisoning. For Zonite is as safe as pure water.

The germicidal power of Zonite is tremendous. Even when compared with the poisons, Zonite stands out in a class by itself. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of cresol or *carbolic acid* that can be safely used on the human body!

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30c, 60c, $1.00), there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 a dozen. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide a continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer these and others the liquid. Some use both.

INFORMATION BOOK . FREE

Write for "Facts for Women"

This is a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. It has been much discussed in women's circles. By sending for a copy you will get frank, authoritative data on this important phase of modern life. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION LI-433
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below:

☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME.....
(*Please print name*)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....
(In Canada: Sainte Therese, P. Q.)

MARCH 24, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO 12

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

AGAIN WE SAY, KILL THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

THE Child Labor Amendment is just another prohibition law.

Any one with a modicum of intelligence realizes that the enactment of this law will not stop the evil. We will have bootlegging in the products of child labor just as we did in the liquor business.

And we will have graft—any amount of it. The law will simply give racketeers and grafting politicians another source of financial profit.

And the one criticism—that it will give the politicians at Washington the right to tell parents all over the country at what age their children shall begin to work for remuneration—is sufficient condemnation.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, and Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, former president of Harvard University, are among the notable thoughtful leaders who have bitterly denounced this amendment.

Our laws are interfering entirely too much with the home. The general disrespect for parents that we find among youths everywhere today is partly due to the legal restrictions that hang over parents in the training of their own children.

And when we turn over to the government the right to decide at what age a child shall begin a remunerative occupation, it is not out of place to ask, Who and what is the government?

We well know that there are times when it is composed of a lot of cheap politicians. The set-up at the time of the Harding administration, the looting of the public treasury through foreign loans that was continued during Coolidge's reign—all indicate the character of many leading political figures.

We often hear the comment, "Let the government do this and that—let the government take over business," etc., but we rarely stop to consider that the government is not always what it should be, and that there are always plenty of grafting politicians looking for opportunities.

If we could be sure at all times of a Roosevelt government, if we knew that the governmental business would be managed by high-minded executives, no one could object.

But political favors usually go to the hail-fellow-well-met type. They are the favorite hand-shakers. They wear the smile that won't come off. But they badly need watching, for under the cover of their alluring cordiality they may be forming plans to rob you of everything you have—money and reputation.

The campaign to put over the Child Labor Amendment is said to be financed in a big way. It is stated that numerous people are devoting their time to its promotion at good salaries. But identically the same procedure was used in "putting over" the Eighteenth Amendment. And of course the Washington bureaucracy wants the amendment passed. It will add to the list of jobs to hand out to the "faithful."

If the present policy of robbing the states of their governmental rights is continued, they will ultimately lose their identity, and the general principles that founded and built this nation will be discarded.

A Child Labor law should be passed in every state to suit the requirements of its citizens, but it should not be a federal enactment.

Again we say, Do everything you can to kill the Child Labor Amendment.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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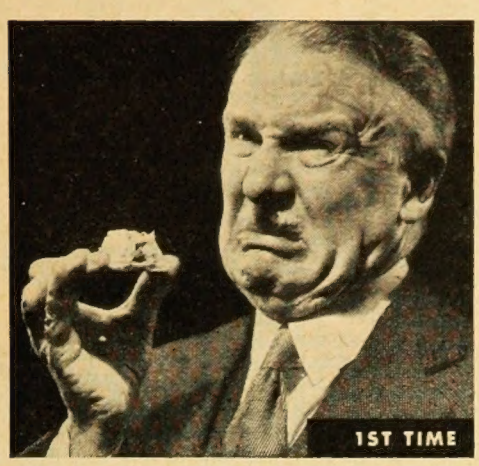
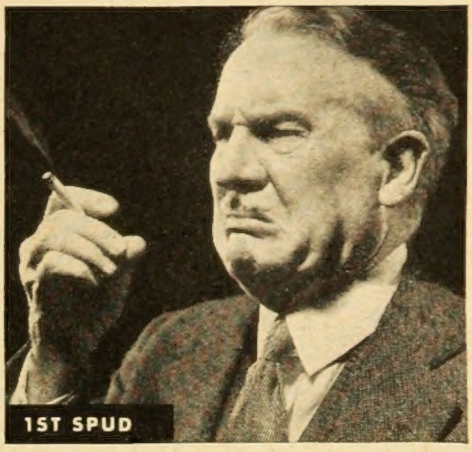
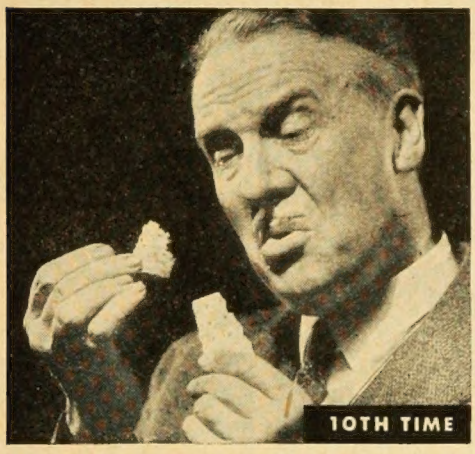
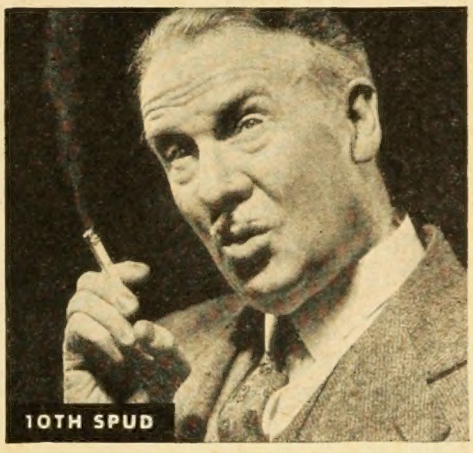
ROQUEFORT-lovers are made, not born!

And so
are SPUD fans!









CORK TIP
or PLAIN

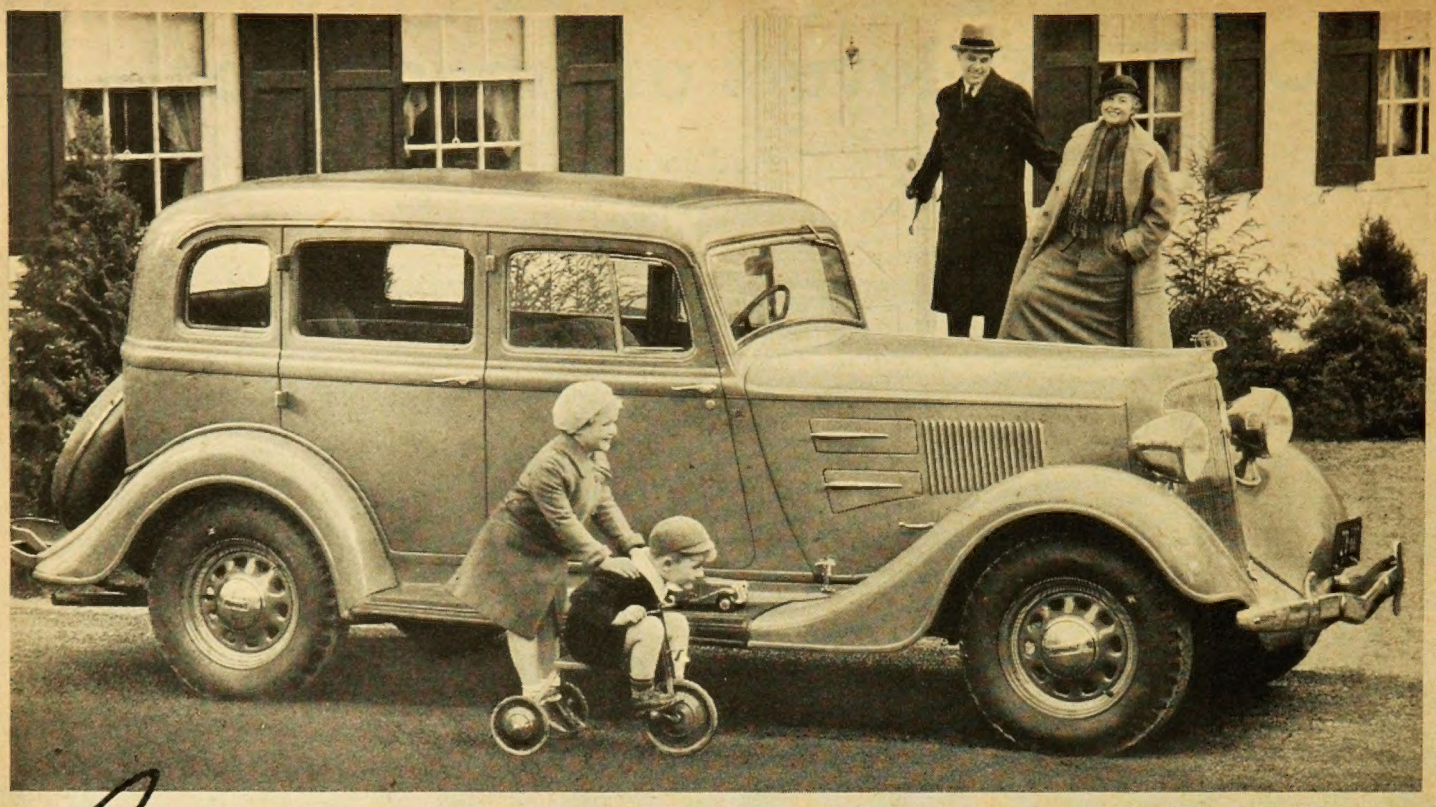
We know. It's not often "love at first puff" when smokers try Spud. "Too cool," a lot of them say, and that's that. But . . . after a pack or so, you aren't so conscious of coolness. Spud's fragrant tobacco flavor comes to the fore. The only way you know the menthol's there is by the *clean, cool taste* in your mouth.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES

20 FOR 15c • (25c IN CANADA)

The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.



Insist on these 4 Vital Features!

Get the most for your money—when you buy a Low-Priced Car!

JUST check up . . . *Plymouth, alone, offers all four of these vital features in the lowest price market!*

Two of them are comfort features. Individual Wheel Springing "steps" right over bumps—gives you a bounceless ride.

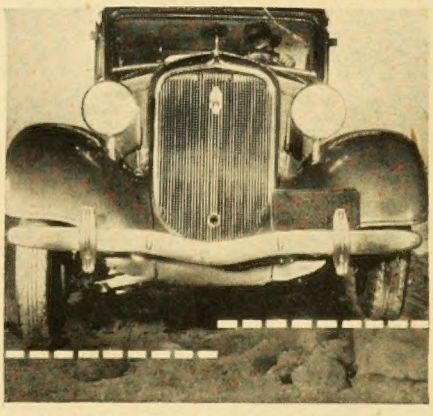
Floating Power engine mountings suspend the engine in perfect balance . . . so vibration never reaches Plymouth's frame and body to tire you while driving.

And the other two big features are for safety . . . naturally, all the more important if *yours* is a family car.

Hydraulic brakes stop you more quickly—because they always "take hold" equally on all four wheels. And as for safety-steel bodies—isn't it obvious that you're better protected with steel reinforced with steel . . . and *not* with wood?

Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will demonstrate Plymouth. See it today!

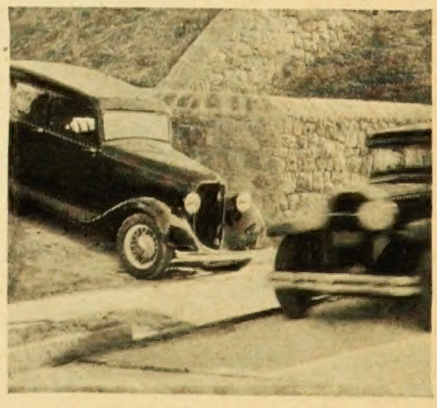
PRICES FROM $495 and up f. o. b. Factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice.



1. INDIVIDUAL SPRINGING

2. FLOATING POWER

3. SAFETY-STEEL BODY



4. HYDRAULIC BRAKES

NEW PLYMOUTH SIX $495 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

B E G I N N I N G

An Anonymous Hollywood Saga

I have been called the Napoleon of the Films, my favorite epithet, and our likeness is not dissimilar.

EVERY OTHER INCH A Gentleman

READING TIME: 26 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

PART ONE—"THE TEMPLE OF MY SOUL, AND SO ON ETCETERA"

I WANT you should follow me close this morning, Lottie, like as if you was an eavesdropper taking down each and every word irregardless as it comes to me and has an issue. As George Washington said to his starving troops at Valley Forge, "Yours not to reason why." The reasons are good and plenty.

I am steadily approaching my fiftieth birthday, Lottie, which is so near at hand as to be in the offering, as 'twere. I need hardly remind you of this, as since you came to me a girl of sixteen, you have never failed to remember it with some trinket or junket.

Now, Lottie, a man cannot approach such a year and remain calm, unless he is merely and only a creature, which please God I have never been. And so for weeks I have been revolving this thought in my mind. I have said nothing to any one practically, as I am by nature a man of few words, a silent withdrawn man.

And so one night of late I was standing at the windows

● **Is this fact or fancy? Who can tell? We doubt if Mr. B. J. Hasdid, the hero of Every Other Inch a Gentleman, could answer that himself. In any case, here is what is supposed to have happened—**

Mr. B. J. Hasdid engaged a famous German biographer to go to Hollywood and write his (Mr. Hasdid's) life story. For the information of the biographer he dictated a few notes to his secretary, Lottie. The book appeared and all was well.

But now, through a series of events, what are offered as the original notes of Mr. Hasdid's dictation to Lottie have come into Liberty's hands. And here they are!

After about the fifth take I walked onto the set and said, "Look here, Jack, why not leave me show you?"

of my bedroom. It is something I make a practice of doing each night before I resign myself to slumber—answering nature's call, as 'twere, breathing God's sweet air, and pondering on this and that. Nothing restores my discharged batteries, my expended energies like this brief communion with Mother Nature. To gaze down from my elevation on Olympus Drive, down upon the sleeping city of Hollywood, which is like a vast lake of twinkling lights, a spectacle which might have been the handiwork of David Belasco. The sight of this great ora ablaze with electricity always does something to me. Is it not, after all, just one more tribune to my creative ability?

I SAY all this, Lottie, with becoming modesty. But the fact remains that when I first came West this particular ora was little more than a trading post. A few years since, had I been in a position to gaze down at night from this same elevation, I would have visualized only blackness with only here and there a flickering torch which would indicate an outpost. Am I not, after all, the real, patter familiar of the motion-picture industry?

Yes, Lottie, this great valley, stretching to the sea, lay there, a diadem in all a rainbow's colors, as a tributary to my creative facilities, mute, to be sure, but unshakable.

Something had got to be done about it, Lottie. Here was I approaching a millstone in my career—a half century of achievement. I would soon be fifty years old! I would if I could, Lottie, erase that word forever from the blackboard of my mind, so to speak. Age is a condition I do not admit of to myself, which is merely an error of the mind—and I am always the constructive thinker. And also, Lottie, I have ever lived the simple life, always remembering to make my body the temple of my soul, and so on etcetera.

But, Lottie, irregardless of all this and blink as I might, the figures was there and inderasible—a footprint demanding its perpetration in the cement of time.

Suddenly, as I paced the floor of my bedroom, an idea came to me. My biography! The story of my life, to be immoralized in words of fire, a record of my great deeds.

Of course, y'understand, Lottie, that the world is by no means ignorant of the man called B. J. Hasdid, who am I myself. Photographs of myself and family in all our phrases have decorated magazine and newspaper for years. I, who am by nature a hermit, have been forced to face the camera by sheer public demand. My private life, so dear to me, is like an open book. The world knows my favorite flower, my favorite steed, my favorite fruit, and so on etcetera. My utterances have been bandied and rebandied and claimed as original by a lot of plagarists whose names I would not even stoop to mention. I have been called names too numerous for mention, and by some of the biggest minds now living—such as, for instance, the Napoleon of the Films, my favorite epithet, and our likeness is not dissimilar, as we have the same waistline and could have worn the same shoes, which was a 7½ E.

But what I felt the need of here and now was a history of me myself, B. J. Hasdid, which should have continuity and above all a dignity. I owed it to my posteriors to give them a picture, an artistic semblance of the real B. J., the statesman, the scholar, the diplomat, the leader, the warrior, the peacemaker, the thinker, the speaker etcetera.

So the next morning, earlier than is my customs, I was at my desk, where I summoned Jake, my scenario editor, and outlined my plan. Jake, who follows me with rapid strides, being a quick thinker, approved it one hundred per cent. He thought it was brilliant. But who was the man who could compass it? This, as I reminded Jake, was no ordinary assignment. Jake said why not give it to eight or ten writers on our own lot, like we always do when we make a picture, and leave one of our supervisors pull it together so as to make some sense. I says to hell with that method. I will leave no super-

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
FRANK SWAIN

visor tell me what is wrong with my life, and I tells Jake if this is all his ideas amount to, he had better not annoy a man of my calibus but should go over to Alfalfa Brothers and work for Clark P. Muckross.

Well, Lottie, that put Jake on his impetus, so he says why not get the world's biggest biographer, which is Carl Vogel, to which I replies quick as a flash what has he done? I am, as you know, Lottie, a voluminous reader, who knows any number of writers by their real names, such as Zane Grey, Edna Ferber, George Barnard Shaw, A. G. Wells, Richard Bennett, and so on etcetera, but with a man of my varicose interests I cannot hope to know everything, though you would think I did what with the questions people fire at me. So Jake says that Carl Vogel has put biography into the big-money class, what with his biographies making as much money as the novels of Fannie Hurst, who I forgot to mention up yonder a while ago. So I says who's he done, being as I am always thorough and a master of details? And Jake answers that he has done Marshal Foch, Joan of Arc, and George Washington, and now is working on John the Baptist.

So I says swell, he sounds okay to me, and to get right after him.

Well, Lottie, as you might know, when this bird Vogel hears as how he is wanted in Hollywood, he raises his price till you would have to be an aviator to reach it. The little squirt, who after all is nothing but a writer, who I had never heard of till Jake put me on to him, asks $75,000! Well, we finally compromises on fifty, which is still a holdup, and I tell Jake as much. But Jake says I should worry, as when he gets to Hollywood I can make him a supervisor, charge his salary to production, and when his ten weeks is up, can him. This strikes me as a good idea, which is a lot better than most of Jake's, so I says okay and have him come over and make it snappy.

SO you see, Lottie Graham, you and me have got to put our soldier to the wheel. I say you and me because it stands to reason I couldn't very well do it alone. In a matter like this I got to have somebody I can trust, somebody who is loyal, and ever since you first came to me you've been the loyalest white woman I ever laid my eyes on. I think it was Shakespeare who said, " Faith, Hope, and Loyalty are three, but the greatest of these is Loyalty."

And do you know me! I've got my weaknesses as well as the next one—after all, I'm human—and you know how to make allowances for them.

I don't want you should flush, Lottie, at any words of praise of which I am likely to drop your way in the course of this narrative. We got to divorce ourselves from any personal note and be completely detachable like as if we was a human pencil which was being pushed hither and yon across life's parchment by some recording spirit.

And so, Lottie, here we are! This is not going to be any easy job, no siree! I got to go back and recall a lot of things that are—how shall I say it?—interred in the by-streets of memory. I kind of like the sound of that, Lottie, don't you? Interred in the by-streets of memory! It has imagination, innuendo. It was in a picture I made once. Now I got to resurrect them. It won't be an easy job, but it *will* be a labor of love. I don't know just how to express it, but—well, hell and all, Lottie, I'm not ashamed to say it. I feel humble.

When I think of my life I kind of feel, Lottie, the way I done the first time I ever went into St. Peter's in Rome. A hush fell over me, Lottie, to be in that great cathedral with all those martyrs, St. Peter and—er—so on. When I got to the altar where so many great names had knelt, I knelt too. I couldn't help it, Lottie. I bowed my head. Well, sir, you'd have thought it was a street fair or something—people clattering about, chewing gum, reading aloud out of Baedekers, pointing, and what not. I could see them out of the corner of my eye, Americans, foreigners—some of those Italian wenches are gorgeous, and don't ever let anybody tell you any different—all sorts. Was I sore! Here was I, trying to get into the spirit of the occasion, as 'twere, and a lot of callous dopes with no

finer feelings— I felt like shouting, "Down on your knees, you so-and-sos!" I guess I'd of done it, too, if Rosetta hadn't caught me by the sleeve.

I want we should devote ourself to maybe a couple of hours a day, Lottie, on this assignment, till we get it finished, and I want you to hold me to it like I'm telling you.

I got a letter here from Vogel—and he expresses himself in English pretty good for a foreigner—where he asks me to resume my life in passing, as 'twere, to dictate for his information the high lights and the low lights, my thoughts and feelings, my actions and reactions. In other words, he wants I should give him a picture of myself, like I was an artist, or maybe a camera—which is more likely, me being in motion pictures. In other words, we will give him a study of myself photographed from every angle, with long shots, close shots, and what have you. Later, when Vogel gets here, we can cut the picture; but we always got to have plenty of protecting shots.

So, we'll go right after it. It'll be kind of slow with me at first, y'understand, till I get my hand in. It'll be like —well, a crocus, say, in the early spring, when it feels the surge of a new—something—in its arteries. It reaches up blindly toward the upper crust, pushing ever upward, stretching its stiffened muscles through the—congealed —earth. I guess it's in nature like it is anywhere else, Lottie: it's the first few layers as is the hardest.

I always had a strong feeling, though, that I could write—if I ever had the time to give to it. Believe me, baby, if I couldn't do better than some of the sad stews I get stuck with that calls themselves writers, I'd hire a canoe and make for the open sea. The way most of 'em come in here, you'd think they were the A'mighty. And touchy! I don't know as I told you about what happened in here a couple of days ago in a conference.

Stanley Burch, that new playwright from New York, was reading us his new treatment on Forbidden Fruits. As you know, Lottie, I never put less than ten writers on a story. Then, if we can't get enough ideas and what have you for a picture, it's up to the director. Well, this Burch reads a couple of pages without a thing on God's earth developing, so I says very quiet like, "Look here, old man, where's your menace?" He frowned at me as though I had disturbed his train of thought and replied, "We're coming to that." So I let him go on a while longer—with the same results. So I says a second time, only not quite so composed, "Come on, Burch, where's your menace?" "We're coming to that!" he hisses at me, looking as if he'd like to kill me. So I says nothing, but waves him to go on. He goes on, and so does his script—on and on, nothing but a lot of la-de-da, character development, and what have you. Finally I got fed up, banged my fist on the desk, and shouted, "For the third time—I'm asking you—where's your menace?"

What do you think happened, Lottie? He jumped to his feet and slammed his script on my desk.

"YOU'RE the menace, damn you!" he yelled, and stalked out of my office. Can you believe it, Lottie—swearing at me and then walking out on me? I had a good mind to throw him right out the studio on his kinetta. I would of, too, if his option hadn't had four weeks to run and I hadn't heard that Excelsior was after him. No other studio can take a writer away from me, even a lousy one like Stanley Burch.

I'm going to begin at the very beginning. Humble beginnings, Lottie, of which I got every reason to be proud of. If a man is born in poverty and pennery and hasn't the guts to get out and up, then he has something to keep quiet on account of. But when he pulls himself out of the slaw by his very boot straps, then he hadn't ought to be ashamed. He should be proud.

I'm a Turk, Lottie, and proud of it. You know, of course, Lottie, that us Hasdids trace our unbroken line in a complete strain right back to sultanas and such. Baker, the great geologist, proved it. It cost me five thousand dollars, but it's worth that much to know who you are. So you can easy see where I got my great poetic license from and my culture (spell that with a capital K, Lottie). The only kick I got against America (better not put this in, Lottie) is the fact that we got no culture. We got the best of everything else—luxuries, money, opportunity, and so on—but we got no real culture. Over there it's—well, indigenous. (Look that up, Lottie, for the right spelling. We can't afford to make no mistakes.)

When my father, B. J. Hasdid the First, was fourteen, he made up his mind that Turkey wasn't big enough for his talents, so he managed to scrape together enough money to carry him across—steerage. What a trip, Lottie! I used to love nothing like hearing my father tell about what he had to put up with. You wouldn't believe it! I never tired of hearing papa tell about those awful conditions. He was a natural-born racketoor—I must inherit my gift for words from him, Lottie—he could make anything sound interesting.

Well, papa finally landed, with just two dollars in his pocket. At first he lived with some friends from the old country. They must of had faith in papa's ability, for they loaned him enough money to buy a peddler's outfit. Talk about starting life on a shoe string! That's what papa did, and I don't mean *peutêtre*—that's French for maybe, Lottie. If I put in a French word here and there, Lottie, don't let it upset you. Lots of times I think out loud in French and don't even know I'm doing it.

WHERE the hell was I? Oh, yes! Well, you can't keep a good man down. It wasn't long till papa had saved enough money to open a little rug store of his own. By the time that had begun to prosper he heard of a good opening somewheres else, sold out at a profit, and moved to Columbus, Ohio.

And that's where we pick up the real interest in this narrative, because it was at Columbus, Lottie, that I was born.

My father continued making rapid strides in Columbus just like he did in New York. It didn't take him long to get enough money to get married, and it didn't take him long to have four children, one right after the other. As long as I can remember my father, Lottie, he was like that—quick on the trigger, impatient of delay, no sooner said than done, letting no grass grow under his feet.

Now let's see—oh, yeah! I was the oldest, and I was born in 1883. Then there was George. He's now my general manager. Fannie, my sister, she always was smart. In the old days she used to help me pick out stories. Afterwards she married Ben Grief, and when he invented a colored-picture process she urged me into making him head of the lavoratory. My brother Nick, he was artistic, too. When I first put him in the art department he had to learn the business from the ground up. Now he has about three hundred men working under him.

You can say what you like, Lottie, but blood is thicker than water!

Our home in Columbus was very humble but religious. You can say what you like, Lottie, there's nothing like religious training to make a good man of you.

The children were all afraid of my father. Even my mother was scared of him, especially when he got in one of his bad tempers. We were expected to be home and sitting at the table when he came in for his meals. If any one of us was even a minute or two late, it was enough to throw him into a violent tumor.

And so, because of this—I mean my father's stern altitude—I kept most of my thoughts to myself. I obeyed him and went to work in his rug store. But I always hated it. There was no romance in it—no chance for me to exercise my love of adventure and my creative genius. When I would be handling different rugs and he would be explaining to me the difference between Axminsters and Brussels, I would be dreaming my own dreams. I would see myself a great world figure, a financial giant.

And so—one day some men from the navy came around and put big posters all around the town. They told you to "Join the Navy and See the World." I was fourteen at the time, just the age my father was when he left home, and I used to stand like I was hypnotized in front of those posters, and hang around and talk to the recruiting officer whenever I got a chance. I was just about ready to break through.

One day I went on an errand to get some yarn for my father, and I never went back home. I joined the

navy, and let me tell you I saw the world! It was hard work, but now and then when we got to port we sure did have fun—good clean fun, y'understand!

There's nothing like travel, Lottie, to bring a man out, broaden him, so to speak.

And I made other contacts which was also human, though not feminine. I need hardly tell you that I was often a lone jewel among those rough diamonds who compromised the navy at that time, hale fellows all and well met, but crude as to manners and customs and with their thoughts all too seldom on a higher plane where a spirit like me must breathe or else perish. I think I would have gone into a muck if it had not been for making a companion who like me was out to see the world and enrich his nature with human contacts and experience.

THIS poor fellow—just now his name invades me—never got to be anything but a school-teacher in a college, but even so I shall always regard him more or less as a equal, for I often seen him mentioned in the papers. He wrote books, Lottie, no doubt to help out at home, for these colleges don't never put down much on the dotted line. Well, anyhow, I was struck on our first contact by his depth and also his propundity, as well as his dialogue, which was eloquent and studded with anagrams.

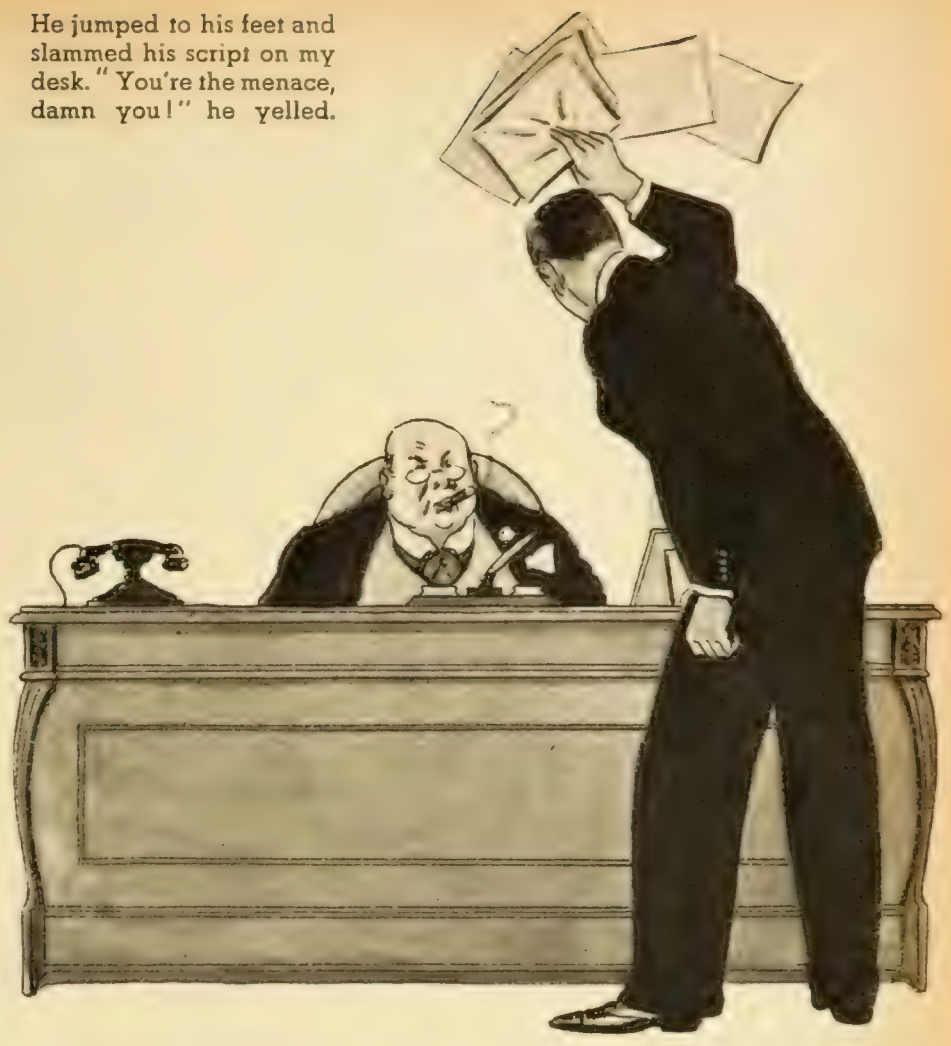
I remember well one night when we was discoursing from our bunks how I asked him the secret of his rich vocabulary, which was to me a source of envy, and how he replied that he owed it all to Greek roots. A Greek root, he went on, is at the bottom of all the words in our language which carries any innuendo—and without innuendo I always say a man or a woman is lacking in any real cultivation. I made up my mind then and there, Lottie, that I would devote myself as far as possible to the Greek ideal, being always hungry for culture in any form, and I have done so as far as possible. Even to this day I will let no one shine my shoes but a Greek. I used to eat all my lunches at a Greek restaurant, but I had to give that up, as it gave me an indigestion.

I also owe it to him that I became interested in mythology, which is also a Greek root, though not necessarily, as the Romans believed in it as well, and the Swedes also had a crack at it, I have heard from reliable resources. Anyway, the Greeks had the best of it, and I have for years made a study of it which is well-nigh exhaustive.

I hope he will not resent this little intrusion I have given him into this biography. I feel I cannot be true to myself if I do not mention the influences hither and yon that lended themselves to the molding of B. J. Hasdid. All my life I have surrounded myself with refining influences, male and female—men and women who was not afraid to give—for man is known by the company he keeps. When I had milked these influences dry, I would go on to the next fount, for a well is arid if it is dry, and if a tree has no fruit it is nothing but leaves and deserves to be felled.

Now where did I leave off? Oh, yeah. Well, there was two years of this and it sure made a man of me—just like the posters said it would. I was ready then to settle down and begin my destiny.

My father had moved his family to Chicago and had gone into business on a larger scale. He was so glad to have me back—I was always a favorite of his—that he forgave me running away—and another thing, he needed me bad in the business.



He jumped to his feet and slammed his script on my desk. "You're the menace, damn you!" he yelled.

I'll skin over the next five years, because nothing much happened except hard work and learning the principles of business in America. My father was shrewd and had a very good brain, and without being in any way dishonest, y'understand, he always managed to outsmart the other fellow.

As a matter of fact, Lottie, I've always felt that if I hadn't guided my genius into wider channels I could have been a great actor. I firmly believe that one reason my pictures are so much bigger and better than other producers' is due to the fact that I am so much on the set, showing the actors how to get their effects.

I REMEMBER one occasion when one of my directors was trying to show John Barrymore how to get some effect he wanted for a scene. It was a simple enough thing, and you'd have thought an actor with his reputation would have caught on in a jiffy. I sure felt sorry for him, so after about the fifth take I walked onto the set and said:

"Look here, Jack, why not leave me show you?" He looked at me for a second as serious as a owl, like as if he didn't know what to make of it, and said, "I should enjoy it no end. And I'm sure the company will enjoy it, too."

You can say what you please about Barrymore, Lottie, he's always willing to learn. So I steps up and goes through the scene, which was as easy as falling off a log if you knew your histronics, and then I asked Jack if he had the idea and to try it out my way. Well, sir, it was a scream! He had everybody on that set rolling on the floor. I had to laugh myself—to see what they call a great actor making a monkey of himself before a lot of extras and what have you.

I saw there was no use trying to show him anything more, so I walked out.

Where was I at, Lottie? Oh, yes! My father was pleased when I'd come across with some new idea or something to help the business. When I was twenty-two he

told me he thought I ought to get married. The daughter of his partner would be just the right wife for me, he thought. She was pretty, healthy, and knew all about cooking and housework. She was everything a man ought to have in a wife. Well, no sooner said than done. I tackled Rosetta, who had no scruples, and she and I was married in 1906.

My father made us live at home, which was okay as it saved me a lot of money, and when my boy was born—that's David—we were all very happy. Two years later I gave him a sister, which we christened her Cora, but she changed that to Celeste after she grew up and learned French.

With all my creative effort, any one would think I would have been satisfied, but I grew restive irregardless. I had begun to chafe badly, not only at the constrictor of my father's home but also at the fact that like Samson I felt my great potentials chained to the wheel of humdrum. Always, Lottie, I have been one to chafe easily, and my spirit was on the throes of being a rebel. Our rug business was growing by paces and it was necessary for somebody to make regular trips to New York. I persuaded my father to send me. And in 1910 I stormed the great city and began foraging that great chain, Lottie, which was to link the world to the name of B. J. Hasdid.

One night as I was wending my ways, my eye, which was ever keen to observe, fell upon a lovely vision in green which was just ahead of me. It seemed to me as I followed along that I had never seen more perfect lines—or so they seemed from behind, which was my position at the nonce. It was like as if she had been chiseled.

And so in good time I found myself beside this sprite in a darkened room, discoursing on this and that and holding sweet converse. Our interests was a common one, which was watching a picture on a screen, though we was able to dally at the same time.

And so, Lottie, I quote this little adventure of mine to point a moral and a favorite of mine to wit, which is that "Large oaks from little acres grow." For it was nothing short of a divine mind which led me that night to follow after, where I got my great idea to become a creative artist and the father of motion pictures.

HITHERTO, Lottie, there had been pictures which was not real stories, only representatives of bits of action, like for instance a man walking down the street, or a prize fighter, or a railroad train, which would be run off in little peep shows or penny arcades, or maybe it was a shooting gallery, or a store, or a barn, or a railway station. Irregardless of locale they was cleaning up.

By the time I was ready to come into the scene these so-called pictures was beginning to tell stories in one or two reels. They were, as you can imagine, very crude, being flickery and jumpy, and the stories was lacking in sense, being practically without execution, motiff, and so on etcetera. You couldn't see faces much in those early days, so they had to register emotion by running around fast and exercising violence generally.

For the next few days, Lottie, I was like a hound in a chase. My eye, ever the rover, slept not, neither did it blink, until I realized that here was a rich ore crying aloud for a miner. And as always in a pinch when I have wished for a sign, God sent me Joe Lissberger, an old friend of mine in New York who had a clothing store. I had a thousand dollars but I needed five hundred more, and I knew Joe had it. I had an aitch of a time getting it, for Joe was always timid as well as tight; but through the power of my personality, which was even then full of dominance, I got what I was after.

I took a lease on a store I picked out very cheap, bought secondhand kitchen chairs and a screen. For almost nothing I rented a secondhand projection machine and set ourselves up as theater owners. This practically used up Joe's five hundred, which left my thousand dollars in my hand as a bullock against a rainy day. Many a man, Lottie, would have invested all of his capital at one fell scoop, but it is my foresight and prudery which has made me the great power I am today.

HERE let me digress momentarily, Lottie, while I state that other magnates of today started in much the same fashion in pictures. A veritable slew of others, many of which have long since ago passed into the lumbo. But while I blazed the trail and these others was nothing but camp followers, there is hardly a magazine I pick up or open a book where one of these common soldiers does not lay claim to a victory which was simply the results of his general's maneuvers, which was me and nobody else. I would not stoop to mention these upstarts, which would only give them a prominence through appearing in a great history like this, except that to eat the crumbs from my table and then to lay claim to the whole loaf, as they are always doing when they can get a hearing, is what I should call, if I was not a gentleman, lousy. If motion pictures had as many fathers as each of these carbon copies claims he is, motion pictures would be nothing but illegitimate, instead of having the good name which I, B. J. Hasdid, have give her.

Well—and so—well, anyhow, I and Joe was practically successful on the instance in my venture, and before two years was up we owned four of these early "film parlors"; and though we only charged five cents admittance, the nickels piled up into dollars, the dollars into hundreds, and the hundreds into thousands.

And still, Lottie, I was not satisfied. Like Napoleon I was ever sighing for more worlds to conquer. Money has never been to me anything more than tinkling brass, which is the core of all evil if a man views it as the end of all things instead of just the means. They call me the Cursus of moving pictures because of my great wealth—a name which I loathe; for did not Cursus love gold for

THE SPEEDER

By T. A. Burke

[Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

THE speeder is a chiseler of the worst type. In gambling with his own safety he endangers the lives of other users of the highway.

Somehow he fails to realize that the faster he travels the greater is the likelihood of accident. Also he fails to grasp the idea that the seriousness of potential injury is dependent largely on the speed at which he is traveling.

It doesn't take a mathematical expert to figure out that the higher the speed the worse the accident. Speeding may not be the leading cause of death and injury on our highways, but it certainly is one of the chief causes.

Just keep in mind that a car crashing into a stone wall at sixty miles an hour has the same destructive power that it would have if driven right off the top of a ten-story building. A smash like that will dig your grave and tuck you in it every time.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

itself alone until everything he touched turned to that base metal?

And so, Lottie, I was not satisfied. As a boy and even yet, I was a restive spirit, always reaching out, a groper—well, like Prometheus of old. He was another Greek, you know, the father, so to speak, of aviation. He was one of those fellows of that time whose father, a god, had seen an earth maiden and liked her—with the usual results. So Prometheus was half god, half human. The earth was alive with them in those days—demimondes, as they called them.

Well, Prometheus made up his mind he would get to Parnassus or bust—Parnassus, you know, being the mountain fast where his old man and the other gods hung out. What with the Onyx Sea on one side and Hades (Greek for hell, Lottie) on the other, the place was practically irreproachable. But Prometheus was hell-bent, so he begins watching the birds, and before you could say Jack Robinson he had him a pair of wings and some wax, and was off for Parnassus. Well, he done pretty good for a while—so good, in fact, that he got to showing off, going so high that the sun begun melting the old beeswax. Of course there was a crash.

I GUESS there was gravity even in those days, even though Edison hadn't discovered it. Well, being a half god, he wasn't killed, just badly shaken up. But the old man was *burnt* up, his son daring to presume, and so forth. So what does he do but chain him for evermore to Castor and Pollock, a couple of twin rocks in the Doric Sea, as a warning to his other sons, present and future. And he sends a great hawk every evening to feed on his liver. That was his punishment for trying to confer a boom on humanity.

So as I was saying, even making all this money, it was still a business and I wasn't satisfied. My artistic nature wanted something that it still was not getting. I didn't know just what it was that I wanted until the spring of 1912. I don't know why it is, Lottie, but spring has always been my best season. Of course my mind is by no means at rest during the other seasons, and I think it was that English writer, Edgar Phipps, a very understanding man considering he is a Britisher, who paid me the compliment of saying that I was always in season. All I mean to say is that I am at my best in the spring, in which period many of my best moves has been made. And so it was in the spring of 1912 that I encountered Virginia Carter, who was to play so great a roll in my life and fortunes.

In the next installment of this revealing narrative you will meet the fair Virginia Carter. How will B. J. Hasdid's lawful wife welcome this charming stranger? You will see the Napoleon of the Films with his back against the wall, battling for fame and fortune in the dawn era of the cinema industry.

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George Earl
TRAINER OF "TORCHY" PEDEN, BIKE CHAMPION

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Will

DECORATION BY
CARL PFEUFER

America's 'Last Frontie with Its Limitless Treasur Lies but a Stone's Throw fro Yokohama. Is It Wise Ignore This Threat to Pea and Security at Home Here's an Arresting Warnin from the Nation's Capi

Could Japan Seize Alaska?

READING TIME: 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WOULD Japan like to have Alaska? Such a question posed today, with the seething unrest prevalent in the Orient and with Japan occupying Manchuria, to say nothing of the economic dilemmas which confront her, would seem to be an absurdity.

The truth is that such a question is far from absurd. The very forces which are operating in the Orient comprise threats and potential dangers not only to Alaska and to the North American continent, but to the safety and security and peace of the United States.

Only a few years ago it was the fashion among intellectuals and pseudo-historical observers to hurl the epithets "alarmist" and "jingo" at any one broad enough to point out rising dangers of a new war in the Orient which might threaten the United States; but subsequent trends have completely justified the many warnings of the past.

Moreover, we find we are now dealing with a new power in the Pacific. The new Japan—the power which has been rising rapidly for many years, but which threw off all disguise and challenged the world after the fateful September of 1931, when Manchuria was seized—is the undisputed leader in the Far East and one of the outstanding nations of the earth.

Events in the East indicate an alarming trend toward armed conflict. Saying that America is drifting toward war with Japan is not idle tub-thumping or sounding of alarums. It is the statement of a simple fact. By pointing out elements of friction and the dangers to world peace in the enigma of the Orient, we may be able to show how this problem can be met; how peace can be preserved.

But why discuss Alaska in relation to it?

Alaska is America's last frontier. It is a vast storehouse of resources—minerals, petroleum, lumber, furs, fish, live stock, and wild game. Here is a treasure chest of wealth which Japan could well use.

Japan has assumed Far Eastern leadership in the movement to make Asia safe for the Asiatics. The "rising tide of color" in the Orient is ominous warning to the West, where the prestige of the Occident declines. The chain of events during the last three years leads clearly to this conclusion: the capture of Manchuria, the occupation of Chapei in January, 1932, the demilitarization of Shanghai, the breaking of the Chinese boycott, the pact of May 5, 1932, the rout of volunteer leaders in north China, and the Tangku truce of 1933.

Let us look further into the potential threat to Alaska. This vast country, contrary to impressions gained from schoolbook maps, is a tremendous territory, a land of nearly 600,000 square miles. Nor is it a region of insufferable winters and unendurable rigors. Alaska lies three fourths within the north temperate zone and has three climatic provinces. The Pacific coastal region and the Aleutian Islands have a climate comparable to that of Scotland and the Scandinavian peninsula, though somewhat warmer. The inland region assimilates the climate of Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba in Canada, while

by Senator ARTHUR R. ROBINSON
Member of the Senate Committees on Foreign Relations and Territories and Insular Affairs

arctic conditions prevail only at the northernmost points of the territory.

This land of glaciers, mountains, forests, mines, lakes, and streams could be ideally adapted to Japanese occupation if destiny should take such a turn.

Capable of supporting a large population if properly developed, Alaska now has only 59,000 inhabitants, about half of whom are Eskimos, Aleuts, and Indians, leaving only about 29,000 Americans residing in the entire region.

Mineral resources of the territory include gold, silver, copper, coal, and lead, while other deposits yield antimony, tungsten, palladium, platinum, zinc, quicksilver, iron, peat, graphite, asbestos, mica, molybdenite, sulphur, and barite. Gold exports alone in 1932 totaled more than $10,000,000. Copper is there in abundance and much coal is produced. In spite of the depression there has been comparatively little decline in the value of Alaskan minerals, which indicates the fundamental soundness of the territorial mining situation.

More than 100,000 square miles of territory are capable of being developed agriculturally. Winter wheat and rye, oats, barley, spring wheat, hay, radishes, mustard, turnips, kale, lettuce, carrots, parsnips, parsley, peas, cress, cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, onions, spinach, beets, potatoes, rhubarb, caraway, mint, catnip, sage, thyme, corn, cucumbers, beans, tomatoes, eggplant, and melons all thrive in Alaska.

Stock raising can be made very important. Cattle, sheep, and reindeer are even now raised quite successfully. In fact, the reindeer herd now numbers more than 700,000—and the first of these animals were imported from Siberia in 1892.

There is considerable timber in Alaska—white spruce, Alaska white birch, balsam poplar, black spruce, and Alaska larch. In fact, all conditions are favorable to the establishment of a thriving pulpwood and paper industry.

In addition to coal, Alaska has numerous undeveloped water-power sites—with potential generating facilities ranging from 5,000 to 25,000 horse power.

The fishing industry was the first to be developed, and since the purchase of the territory from Russia in 1867 it has yielded more than $950,000,000. It is well to mention in this connection that Japan even now operates in Alaskan waters a great floating cannery for the commercial handling of large sea crabs. In fact, she has a monopoly on this business.

Deserving of mention also is the great herd of fur-bearing seals which makes its headquarters on the Pribilof Islands in Bering Sea. The only other rookeries known are both small and unimportant. Last year 54,500 seals were killed for their skins, and it is estimated that without interfering with proper conservation 100,000 skins can be taken annually in the not distant future.

WHILE the United States exercises sovereignty over the Pribilof Islands, supervises the killing and manages conservation of the herd, an international agreement was consummated some years ago under the terms of which 15 per cent of all the skins taken go to Japan and the same number to Canada; the rest belong to the United States. This pact was entered into in order to abolish pelagic sealing and to prevent extermination of the herd. The skins bring from twenty to twenty-five dollars each in the world fur market at St. Louis.

The Alaska Railroad, costing more than $60,000,000, connects the coast with the golden heart of Alaska at Fairbanks, nearly 500 miles away. New roads are being constructed throughout the territory, and other types of communication dot the landscape. Aviation has been a boon to the people there and now more than sixty landing fields are in use. New airports are being built, and within the next ten years there should be a network of railway, highway, and skyway facilities which would make every part of the vast domain accessible.

Notwithstanding the development that has taken place, the surface has scarcely been scratched to date, and one can easily understand how much these vast resources would mean to Japan with her rapidly expanding population and growing need for commodities which are not produced in her homeland. And a glance at the map will disclose that the territory is literally within a stone's throw of Japan. The distance from Yokohama, Tokyo's seaport, to the westernmost part of Alaska is approximately 1,800 miles. The distance from Attu Island, westernmost end of the Aleutian chain, to Seattle is more than 2,400 miles. These figures speak for themselves.

Bering Sea is warmed by Pacific currents, while no ice is ordinarily encountered there after June. The great circle route traversing the northern Pacific is by navigators always considered dangerous, due to fog, bad weather, unmarked islands, and uncharted seas. Nevertheless, the Japanese have charted it extensively; they navigate it constantly. The truth is they are far more familiar with Alaskan waters than is our own navy. Their splendidly appointed passenger ships plying between Seattle and Yokohama use this route regularly, and apprentice seamen and both senior and junior officers of their navy are thoroughly familiar with every mile of the course.

It is true that our Coast and Geodetic Survey has done some charting and the navy has done some aërial map making in this northern area. The fact remains, however, that the United States navy, which may be called upon at any time to defend Alaska, should make regular trips to those waters and spend far more time there than it has ever done in the past.

IT is estimated that more than 65,000,000 people dwell on Honshu and the smaller islands of the Japanese archipelago. The population is increasing at the estimated rate of 1,000,000 a year. Only 17 per cent of the land is said to be capable of cultivation. With a shortage of foodstuffs and an unfavorable trade balance, Japan found her economic problem growing more difficult year by year. With a collapse of markets she had to expand.

Manchuria was just across the way; the result—military and economic penetration, bloodshed, and demolition of Western prestige in the Far East. The advance on Manchuria was no mere flash in the pan. The Japanese thought it was necessary due to pressure at home; a pressure for which the Occident may well assume part of the blame. Japan's program of expansion may be said to have begun when the West in 1853, under Commodore Perry, forced her into the family of "civilized" nations. The West sowed the wind and is now reaping the whirlwind.

In the philosophy of Japan aggression is something to be encouraged. She has seen it succeed elsewhere. And in addition to the example of other nations so conveniently placed before her, there was the traditional function of the sword in her empire. As a close observer of Oriental customs points out, the sword, as the Japanese understood it, was the weapon of the feudal retainer who used it to enforce a rigid moral code—a code based on "might rights wrong." Japan, inspired by this tradition, even before the turn of the century embarked on a policy of enforcement of this code. She "saved" Korea from China; she "saved" China from Russia; she "saved" Shantung from Germany; and now her legions are in Manchuria to "save" that country from the bandits.

Several factors united to bring about Japan's invasion of the continent of Asia. If she was to compete with modern nations new lands and new resources were necessary. Manchuria, probably the richest province in all Asia, seemed to be the logical objective.

Japan had never been defeated and her ego knew no bounds. Her people boast that they represent the only unconquered race on the globe and that their destiny in its ultimate fulfillment calls for world dominion.

That the West has for many years been exploiting the East is patent; and this has given Japan an opportunity to exploit the fears of Asiatics and rationalize her own conquests into what amounts to a Pan-Asiatic fervor, a fervor that is unquestionably growing throughout the continent.

Invading Manchuria, Japan earned the opprobrium of the West by ruthlessly violating international agreements. Her answer was that she was faced with the alternative of obeying covenants and confronting economic suicide, or of following a policy learned from the

West which seemed to her to be sensible, economically considered, though it might violate conventions.

She ignored the new rules, invaded the continent and took three provinces. In return she received verbal wrist-slappings from the League of Nations and some harsh words from other sources. But the island empire had the power and was not to be stopped by international diplomatic jargon. The Japanese are realists.

In her ruthless and relentless conquest of China, Japan has dealt a blow to Western prestige in the Orient from which it will probably not recover in the next century. She has debunked the military superiority of the West—at least in her own eyes; and sooner or later the West will have to debunk the Japanese myth of invincibility. At present, Western influence in the Orient has virtually collapsed.

With the conquest of Manchuria came the puppet state of Manchukuo, or Ta Manchu Tikuo. Western nations can either recognize it and thereby give it their sanction, or they can go to war to enforce treaties signed by Japan agreeing not to violate the integrity of China. The first alternative would virtually repudiate covenants entered into by all nations concerned.

The second alternative would probably involve the world in armed conflict. Indeed, if an economic boycott should be attempted against Japan it would very likely result in war.

U. & U. photo

Senator Arthur R. Robinson of Indiana, author of this article.

If Japan's conquest is recognized she will have gained a great objective. It will mean utter defeat for the League of Nations and vindication and justification for Japan. Thus far Manchukuo remains unrecognized.

But what of China, whose great empire is being dismembered? There is no cohesion and little effective nationalism there. What China needs above all things is a strong central government and better means of communication. Meanwhile she is not only completely at the mercy of Japan but she accepts the situation philosophically. She feels that in her "spiritual strength" she will defeat Japan—that she may be temporarily conquered by superior military forces, but that the Japanese will be taken in and assimilated, and in a century or so lose their identity, while the great Chinese race goes on.

MOREOVER, China's fear of the island empire is not so great as her fear of the Reds. General Chiang Kai-shek has said, "Any one who dares to advocate resistance to the Japanese until the Reds are defeated should be severely punished." And a little later, shortly after Sun Fo and Wang Ching-wei had indorsed this view, what is known as the Tangku truce of May 31, 1933, was signed. Under the terms of this truce China is committed not to attack Manchukuo, while Japan agrees not to invade China proper south of the demilitarized area along the Great Wall. Thus Manchuria is conceded to Japan. Also the boycott, China's greatest weapon, is effectively ruled out. Immediately upon signing the truce, Japan started a campaign to win the friendship of the Chinese.

What are some of the results of these developments? First and foremost, Japan has been given the opportunity to launch a great Pan-Asiatic crusade. Inflammatory posters in Japan read, "Asiatics, awake! Japan's army is the strongest in the world! Japan does not fight China but Western domination of China and her present rulers! Asiatic comrades, unite! Overthrow white domination!"

In a recent speech Lieutenant General Kiokatsu Sato, Japanese Imperial Army, retired, is quoted as saying, "It is our duty to detest and loathe the people of the United States. There is no need to employ honey-coated words or high-sounding expressions. We must speak out frankly and without reserve. 'Our enemy is the United States of America. Arise! Exert yourself! Prepare for the coming Japanese-American war. We must chastise our enemy, the United States of America."

An American correspondent quotes a Tokyo newspaper as follows: "Whatever may be their [Americans'] object, their actions are more despicable than those of the Germans, whose atrocities they attacked as worthy of the Huns. At least these Americans are barbarians who are on a lower plane of civilization than the Japanese."

Countless illustrations of Japanese feeling could be given, but the quotations above indicate very accurately the sentiment of the military party. A great Asiatic league is now in process of development among the peoples of the Orient. An *esprit de corps* is growing which foreshadows a real era of "Asia for the Asiatics." The movement is led by able and brilliant men, and is a trend that may well be considered.

Japan is supporting her myth of invincibility by building up her national defense. Today she has built completely up to the Naval Treaty limit, while the United States is not within 200,000 tons of the strength allowed her by the pact. When the next conference convenes Japan will demand parity in naval strength and probably get it. In short, Japan is eminently capable of taking care of herself, while the United States, considering the area she has to protect, is thoroughly weak and undermanned.

AMERICA does not seek war with Japan or any other nation. The American people are sick of war. We covet nothing possessed by any other country. All we desire is to be left alone; but unfortunately we may be attacked, and in such emergency must defend ourselves and our institutions.

True, we have one outpost in the Pacific. Pearl Harbor could and should be made the strongest naval base in the world. Indeed, it should be made impregnable, for, situated in the Hawaiian Islands 2,100 miles from San Francisco, it is our farthest western stronghold.

Alaska stands out as a tempting morsel and is within a stone's throw of Japan. We talk in terms of high-sounding idealism and we evade realities. We are in no condition to engage in war. Our navy is not up to the strength that security demands. As for Japan, she expects to keep her grip on Manchuria, and this attitude is expected to provoke a clash with the United States.

Tokichi Tanaka, former Japanese ambassador to Moscow, says that three potential sources of danger exist between Japan and the United States. One is the Manchurian affair, the other two are naval limitations and immigration regulations. He advises the world to forget the past and look to the future. He insists that America should withdraw from China and terminate extraterritoriality. Otherwise America's efforts will be considered an effort to "checkmate Japan."

What would be the effect of war with Japan? Well, no one can predict with certainty. That we could win eventually is probably a conservative statement, but the campaign would doubtless be longer than most of our optimists think. Let us suppose that Japan were to capture the Aleutians. Using these as a base, she might conceivably go on to the mainland, and she would then be on the North American continent. There she would be at our back door with the untold resources of Alaska at her command. This is something worth thinking about. This indeed would present a problem not to be solved by polite though firm notes from the State Department.

That war clouds hang low over the earth today is a fact and Mars continues to seek victims. Because of this fact we must be prepared for any emergency that may arise. We must have a strong navy, capable of really defending the country and its sovereignty—a navy second to none on earth—one that will command the respect of the world.

Our quest is for peace with all men, but in that quest we must be prepared not only to wish for it but to demand it.

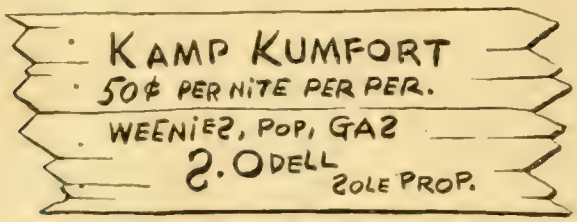
THE END

Excitement at Kamp Kumfort

READING TIME: 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IT was the Hoosier sage, Kin Hubbard, who observed that " An amateur sign painter ain't even an amateur."

Perhaps he was moved so to remark by a sign at the side of a capillary road which branches off that main artery of upper New York State, the Cherry Valley Turnpike. This sign was made of pine boards which had begun their career of usefulness as a cantaloupe crate, and it bore in wavering red paint the words:



That " Sole Prop." suggests that S. Odell had to wage a titanic battle with powerful interests and usurping partners before he emerged supreme master of a far-flung enterprise; but such was not the case. Kamp Kumfort, with its four dwarfish tourist cabins, its only slightly larger bungalow, and its sign, was the single-handed creation of S. Odell. There he lies in wait for tourists and from the recesses of his bungalow he emerges to dispense weenies, pop, gas, and beds. He is a bony, graying man with a prejudice against neckties, who would look tidy enough if he did not always seem to be a week from a shave in both directions.

On the floor Eddie writhed in impotent r

Of Kamp Kumfort it could be said that if it was smaller and simpler than Chummy Housies (down the road), it was larger and cleaner than Passer-by Paradise (up the road). On its right was a pleasant orchard of crab-apple trees, on its left a modest jungle of pines and poison ivy.

Like a bullet shot from a giant's rifle a car whistled down the road that crisp October evening. In front of Kamp Kumfort the car, a shabby member of the largest tribe of motors, was reined back abruptly on its haunches, and from it was discharged a dusty man with a plump black bag.

S. Odell spidered out of his bungalow lair.

" Can I get a bed here? " asked this man.

"I get you for this, you lousy rat!" he cried.

The Lively Love Story of a Very Nice Girl Who Was Hungry for Adventure—and Found It!

By RICHARD CONNELL

Illustrations by FRANK GODWIN

"I had a good summer, though. I've got the money to put up three new cabins."

"Interesting life you lead," remarked the man. "New faces, new experiences—"

"Well, no, I wouldn't call it exciting here," said S. Odell. "The faces are different but the folks behind 'em ain't. They come, they eat, they sleep, they go. Nothing happens. I get pretty sick of it sometimes."

"Well, what would you rather do?"

S. Odell glanced round him and lowered his voice.

"Ever read Treasure Island?" he asked.

"Yes. When I was a kid."

"Well," said S. Odell, "I got a hankering to be a pirate!"

"Why don't you be a pirate, then?"

"I got rheumatism."

THE man slapped a ten-dollar bill on the counter.

"Take out the price of the eats and the bed," he said. "What's my cell number?"

"Cabin Number One."

Picking up his bag, the man sauntered toward the first cabin. A shrill "Hey, wait a minute!" made him whip around.

"Don't bark at me like that," he said to S. Odell. "I'm sensitive. What's on your mind?"

"I got to put your name down on the register," said S. Odell. "It's the law."

"Law and order, that's me," said the man. "Write down 'John Smith.' Got it?"

"I got it," said S. Odell. "What address?"

"Oh, put down 987654321 Rue de la Poo, Paris, France."

"How do you spell Rue de la Poo?" asked S. Odell.

"Yep," said S. Odell. "Fifty cents per night per person."

"Is it quiet here?" the man asked.

"Like a tomb," S. Odell assured him.

"Good."

S. Odell peered at him, but could not tell whether he had a young-old face or an old-young face, for his cap was pulled down to his eyebrows and the collar of his raincoat surged up around his chin.

"You sure was stepping along," remarked S. Odell.

"My scow is souped up to do ninety," the man said.

"You aiming to hit the hay right away?"

"Soon as I feed," said the man. "I could eat a buffalo."

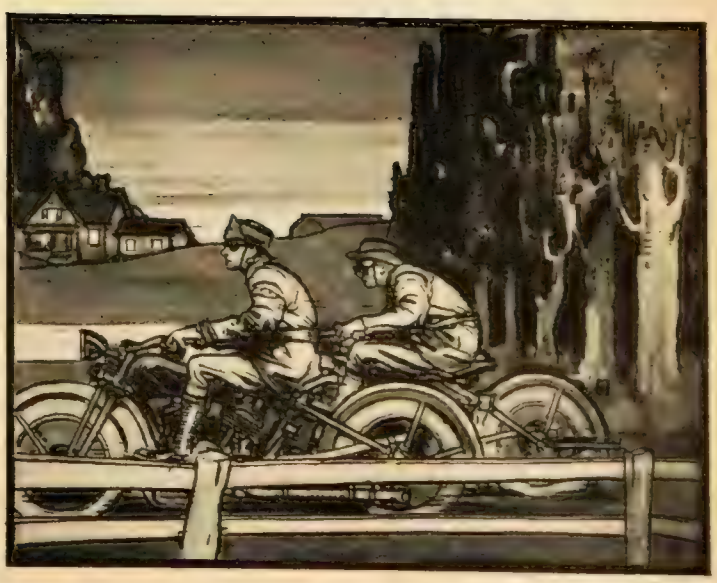
"All I got is weenies and pop," said S. Odell.

"Then cook me half a dozen mastiffs and open three bottles of sas."

When the frankfurters had sizzled and burst, been anointed with mustard and imprisoned in rolls, the stranger gobbled them avidly.

"How's business?" he queried.

"Sort of poky this time of year," S. Odell told him.



When the frankfurters had been imprisoned in rolls, the stranger queried, "How's business?"

"Any way you please," said John Smith, and entered Cabin Number One.

It had a downtrodden rag rug, a blue washstand with tin pitcher and bowl, a three-quarter brass bed, a squealing wicker chair, and a mottled mirror. John Smith crawled into purple pyjamas and dived into bed as if it were oblivion. At once he began to sleep as if only the last trump could wake him; but something else did. It was a low, muffled, sniffling sound. He sat up in bed, swore, and listened. It came from Cabin Number Two, a few feet to starboard. He tried to wrap his head in his blanket, but the doleful noise filtered to his weary ears.

He reared up again and shouted:

"Say, listen, lady. Will you please cheer up tonight and do your crying tomorrow?"

THE sobbing stopped, and a voice that was tearful but defiant answered:

"Aw, go milk a duck."

"I'd rather sleep," said John Smith.

"Who's stopping you?"

"You are," he said. "With that bawling. Say, can't you think of some other way to amuse yourself?"

The crying began again.

"Say, listen, lady," said John Smith. "Have you got trouble?"

"You let me alone."

"You let me sleep."

No reply issued from Cabin Number Two. He closed his eyes again, but sleep was kept away by the sound of her weeping, a fainter sound now, as if she were burying her face in her pillow. John Smith jumped up, threw on his raincoat, marched to the other cabin, and rapped on the door.

"Is that you, Eddie?" the girl's voice said.

"No, it is not Eddie," said John Smith. "It's the handsome stranger next door."

"Go away."

"No."

"Well, what do you want?"

"If you're in trouble," said John Smith, "I thought maybe I could do something. I know a lot about troubles."

"You'll know a lot more if Eddie comes back," she said.

"I eat Eddies."

"Please go away."

"No," said John Smith firmly; "not till I find out what you are blubbering about."

"It's no business of yours."

"Come out and tell me, anyhow."

"I certainly will not."

"Then I'll come in," he said.

"Don't you dare."

"If you don't come out by the time I count ten, in I come," said John Smith. "One, two, three, four—"

"Oh, all right," she said. "I'll come out."

SHE came out. She was a small-sized girl, freckled a little, with a nice face, at the moment tear-stained and stubborn. Her tweed suit had a bargain-basement look.

"Sit down and tell me about it," said John Smith.

She ran appraising eyes over him. He smiled back at her.

"Like my looks?" he asked.

"Not bad."

"Sort of Barrymore, I'm told."

"You have the same number of ears and eyes."

"My name's John Smith," he said. "What's yours?"

"Yvonne de la Clair."

"With that tag and that profile you should be in the movies," he said.

"I am."

"I go a lot to the pictures," he said, "but I'm afraid I've never seen you. What films have you been in?"

She looked away from him.

"The fact is," she said, "I haven't been in any—yet."

"But you're heading for Hollywood?" he inquired.

"Yes. Eddie can get me into the pictures."

"Indeed? How?"

"He knows a cameraman."

"You're practically a star right now."

"You'll get rich kidding me," the girl said.

"Who is this influential Eddie?" John Smith asked.

"My husband."

He scrutinized her left hand.

"When were you married?" he said sternly.

"None of your business."

"Then you're not married."

"What's that to you?"

"Are you going to be?" he asked.

"Yes."

"When?"

"When we get to Chicago," the girl said.

"Why Chicago?"

"Why not?"

He peered at her intently and frowned.

"Look here, Miss Yvonne de la Clair," he said, "have you known Eddie long?"

"Three weeks."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes, of course I do," she said.

"Then what are you crying about?" demanded John Smith.

"I don't know," the girl said, and began to cry again.

"Now this won't do at all," said Smith. "Brides should not blubber. A few quiet tears of happiness, yes.

But no blubbering. Come now, what's the matter?"

"I don't know."

"Scared?"

"No. Why should I be?"

"Shall I tell you?" he said.

"Think you're a wise guy, don't you?"

"I'm an old owl."

"You're not so old."

"Twenty-six," said Smith. "But I've lived, Miss Aggie Blotzenwortz—"

"That's not my name."

"Well, neither is Yvonne de la Clair."

"It is so."

"Look at those initials on your hand bag! A. B. Come, now, what's your real name?"

"Well, it's Annie Bean— and I hate it."

"I like it. Also I think you're a nice girl, Annie Bean," said John Smith. "Nice folks, nice home in some nice little town—say Newburgh, Kingston, Peekskill—"

"Poughkeepsie," she said.

"You had to quit school and go to work to help out the family," went on John Smith, "and you got to hate your job. What was it?"

"Usher in a movie house."

"Ah, I see more light," said Smith. "Seeing so many pictures made you screen-struck. You dreamed of being a star with ten mink coats and a platinum motor car. At home they made fun of you."

She nodded her auburn head.

"THEN along came Eddie, and he didn't laugh at you," John Smith continued. "Eddie was smart. He'd been places. He told you that you were wasting your life in a slow-poke town, and that you belonged in Hollywood where things happen practically every two minutes. Well, Annie Bean, you're an independent little rascal, and hungry for a kick, as who isn't? So you eloped with Eddie."

Again she nodded.

"This morning you started off, all merry and gay and full of adventure and freedom and so forth," he said. "Then he went off somewhere. Where did he go?"

"Back to the village to buy a steak and some ice cream for our supper."

"Been gone long?" asked Smith.

"An hour or so."

"Well, Annie Bean, you're not a fool. When you were all alone you began to do a bit of thinking about yourself," said John Smith. "You began to wonder if you hadn't made a mistake. Maybe you had a sudden feeling that Eddie was not the right man for you. You felt like running away; but you're not a quitter—and so you got all mixed up in your mind —and couldn't help crying—"

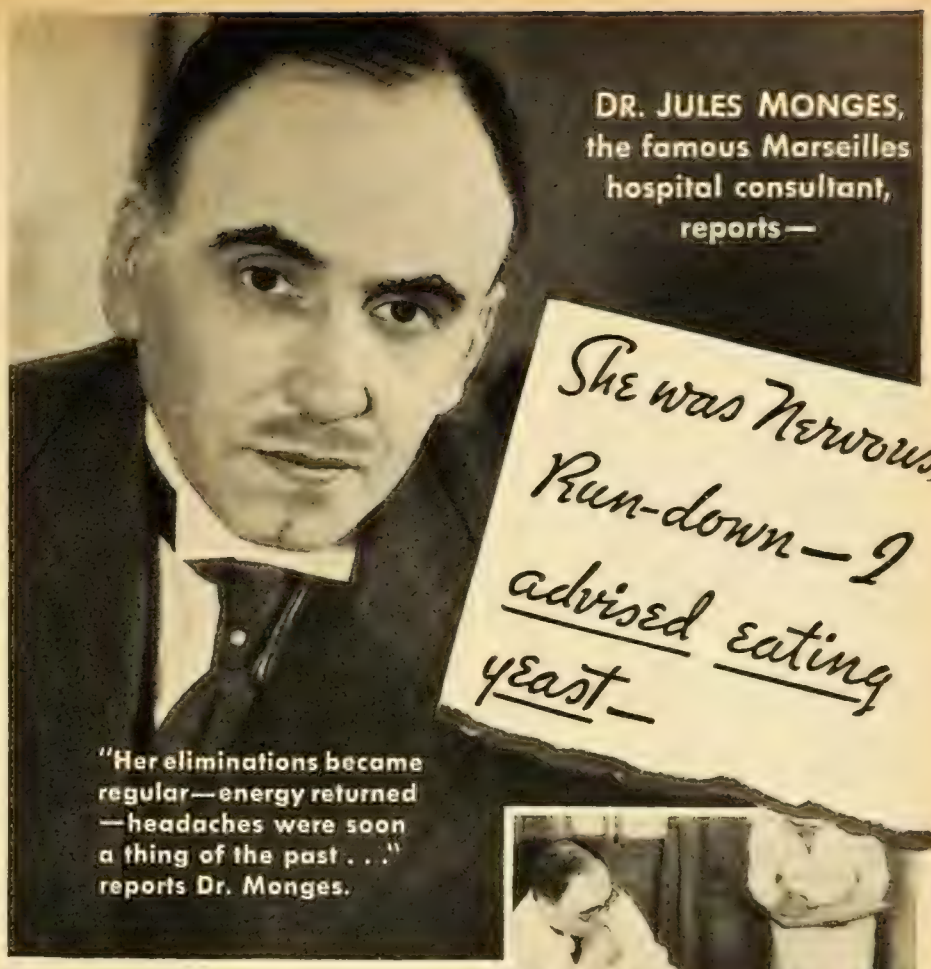
"Go away!" she cried. "I hate you!"

"Why?"

"Here comes Eddie's car."

"I'll stick around," said John Smith. "I'd like to meet Eddie."

Eddie came toward them. He was a good-looking young man with a


DR. JULES MONGES, the famous Marseilles hospital consultant, reports—
She was Nervous, Run-down—I advised eating yeast—
"Her eliminations became regular—energy returned —headaches were soon a thing of the past . . ." reports Dr. Monges.

"SHE HAD frequent headaches—always tired—losing weight constantly. Examination showed constipation . . .

"FLUOROSCOPE showed her colon clogged...condition aggravated by large doses of cathartics. I advised yeast . . .

"SUCH AN IMPROVEMENT! Eliminations were regular. Energy returned." (X-ray shows typical healthy colon.)

YEAST can help *you* get rid of that tired feeling—indigestion—headaches—loss of pep—as it helped in the case described by Dr. Monges, famous Head of Dept. of Internal and Gen'l Pathology, Faculty of Medicine, Marseilles, France!

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, with these "corrective" properties:—

CONSTIPATION. It *softens* the waste in the body, *strengthening* the muscles that move it. Elimination becomes regular.

INDIGESTION. All the way from stomach through the colon it stimulates—increasing the flow of digestive juices. Appetite sharpens. Food digests better.

TONIC ACTION. Your whole system is "energized." (Fleischmann's Yeast is the richest of all foods in the group of 3 indispensable vitamins—B, D and G.)

As yeast "tones" and nourishes, your strength returns amazingly. Colds, headaches, often stop entirely. Your *skin* takes on new life . . . is rid of pimples, boils, blemishes. You *look* so well!

Simply eat 3 cakes daily—directions on label. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Won't you start today?

★ "I HAD HEADACHES," *writes* Dahlia Upchurch (at right), *Richmond, Va.* "—and pimples broke out on my face . . . Fleischmann's Yeast had cleared a friend's skin. I tried it! Soon —no more headaches. My skin cleared. I began to feel so well!"

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Every one has cause to fear exposure

but more than most, people with low resistance!

These raw, wet days, most people are careful about wearing their rubbers and bundling up warm. They dread the after-effects of exposure. They know how difficult it often is, at this season, to stay well.

But how many make the mistake of stopping with *outward* precautions? How many fail to realize that their own physical condition also helps to determine whether exposure will affect them?

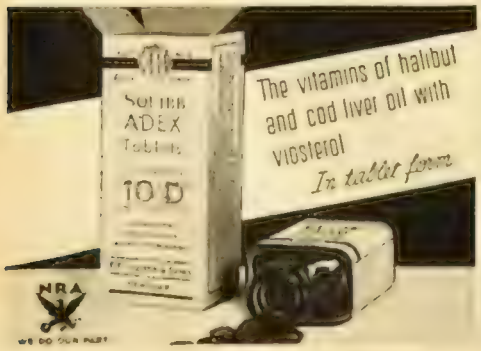
Very often they neglect the *inner* defense which is so important at this season. They ignore the hazard of *low resistance!*

If *you* lack good general resistance, begin now to build yourself up! There's an easy way to do this. With the help of *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex tablets provide an abundance of the important, resistance-building factor, Vitamin A—1500 units with every tablet. They also give you in abundance the benefits of sunshine Vitamin D.

Prepared from *three* of the richest sources of these factors, halibut- and cod-liver oil and Viosterol, they differ from any other concentrate.

Take them regularly *every day*. Now at any reliable drug store. Insist on Squibb Adex! Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.



jaunty carriage and quick eyes. He stared at John Smith, then scowled.

"Eddie," the girl said, "this is Mr. Smith who lives next door."

Eddie acknowledged the introduction with a nod and a grunt. He threw his cap and raincoat on the cabin's brief stoop, and produced a package which he handed to Annie Bean.

"Had to hunt all over this hick burg for a decent steak," he grumbled. "And I got pie instead of ice cream. I don't like ice cream."

"I don't care much for pie," Annie Bean said.

"Don't eat it, then," said Eddie. "And, say, ask that old rube to loan you his stove; and get busy with that steak. I like it well done."

Ignoring John Smith, he strode into the cabin.

"It's not too late to beat it, Annie Bean," said Smith in a whisper.

"You let me alone!" she cried.

A farmer's truck had wheezed up to the gas pump and S. Odell popped out and chatted with the denimed driver. As soon as the truck drove away, S. Odell came toward the cabin, his stubble of beard a-quiver.

"Len Ambler just told me some news," he said.

"What?"

"Seems there was a holdup down to the village," said S. Odell. "Anton Duzek that runs the filling station got shot. He's in the hospital."

"Who did it?" asked Smith.

"Some feller," said S. Odell. "He drove up and shoved a gun agin Anton's ribs. Anton tried to grab him and this feller fired. Got away with ninety-three dollars and some odd cents, Len says."

"Could Duzek describe the man?"

"Yep. Medium-sized feller in a long coat, with a cap pulled down, and on his face he wore a blue mask."

"Not much to go by," said John Smith.

"Gilligan says that he knows who done it."

"Who is Gilligan?" asked Smith.

"State trooper. He claims it must be a feller called Frenchy Fornier, on account of his wearing a blue mask."

"WHO is Frenchy Fornier?" asked the girl.

"Guess you don't read the papers," said S. Odell. "He's a real bad un. Goes around robbing filling stations. They had him in the pen once, but he escaped, and they ain't never caught him again."

"Mr. Odell," said Annie Bean, "could I use your stove to cook a steak?"

"Yes, indeedy," said S. Odell. "At Kamp Kumfort we—" he made a wide gesture with a skinny hand as if to indicate an imposing but at the moment invisible staff of retainers—"aim to please our guests. Step this way."

She started to follow him to his bungalow.

"Annie Bean," called Smith softly, "how do you like *your* steak?"

"Rare."

"Too bad," said John Smith, and vanished into his cabin.

Presently Eddie came from Cabin Number Two. He had changed from a dark-gray business suit to mustard-hued sports attire. He pushed into the bungalow and shouted:

"Say, ain't that steak done yet?"

"Not yet," said Annie Bean's voice from the kitchen.

"Get a wiggle on, can't you?" said Eddie. "And, listen. Don't let me catch you gabbing any more with strange mugs."

While he waited Eddie manicured his nails with his penknife.

"I'm afraid I'm not much of a cook," said Annie Bean, as she brought in the steak. "I burned it a little."

"Don't burn it again," said Eddie, and attacked it.

When they had finished eating, Eddie said to S. Odell, "Call us at six, pop. We're hitting the road early."

Then he beckoned to Annie Bean. "Come along, babe," he said.

When the door of Cabin Number Two had closed on them, S. Odell spun the dial of his telephone with a hurried finger.

"State police barracks?" he said. "That you, Officer Gilligan? This is S. Odell out to Kamp Kumfort. Say, there's a feller here—"

THE receiver dropped from his nerveless hands; for S. Odell had heard a noise behind him, and, glancing over his shoulder, had seen a figure framed in the doorway, a figure clad in a long coat, with a cap pulled down over a face which was bright blue.

"Stick up your mitts," said the blue-masked man needlessly, for they had shot up the instant S. Odell saw the mask and the revolver.

"Do what I tell you, and do it quick."

"Yes, sir," squeaked S. Odell.

"Got any rope?"

"Clothesline," said S. Odell. "Woodshed."

"Go out that back door to the woodshed," ordered the man. "I'll be right behind you."

In the woodshed the man said:

"Lie down on your belly."

S. Odell lay down.

Swiftly, expertly, tightly, S. Odell was trussed up.

"Open your mouth," said the man.

S. Odell opened his mouth.

Into it a crab apple was thrust, and a towel was bound around S. Odell's face, thereby effectively gagging him.

Six seconds later there was a peremptory banging at the door of Cabin Number Two. It brought Eddie to the door in his shirt sleeves.

"Say, what's the big idea?" he growled.

Then he saw the blue mask and the gun, and his face went hard and ugly.

"Say, what's the big idea?" he growled again.

With his left hand the blue-faced man extended a coil of rope.

"Tie up that girl," he said. Annie Bean began to scream.

"Save your breath," said the man. "Nobody will hear you." To Eddie he said, "Tie up that girl. I'm not fooling."

"I gotta do it, babe," said Eddie. "But I'll get that dirty rat for this, don't you worry."

Supervised by the blue-faced man, Eddie made a neat package of Annie Bean.

"Now gag her with this apple and this handkerchief," commanded the masked man. Eddie obeyed.

"Now lie down flat on your face and put your hands behind you," said the man. "And don't start anything or you'll get hurt. My rod goes off easy."

He tied Eddie hand and foot.

Curses poured from Eddie's lips.

"Swear yourself to sleep, bo," said the man.

"I'll kill you for this!" cried Eddie.

"All right, all right," said the man. He took off his blue mask and they saw the features of John Smith.

"Say, what's the idea?" snarled Eddie, and his face, in the orange-yellow light of the oil lamp, was contorted with fury. "Trying to frame me?"

For he had seen John Smith toss the blue mask on the bed and lay beside it the revolver.

"Figure it out for yourself," said Smith. He picked up the slight body of Annie Bean. She squirmed and tried to kick him, but the pressure of his arm made her stop. On the floor Eddie writhed and roared in impotent rage.

"I'll get you for this, you lousy rat!" he cried. "I'll get you—"

JOHN SMITH carried the girl to where his car was parked and deposited her gently in the front seat.

"Sorry if you're uncomfortable," he said. "But I can't untie you yet awhile."

He slipped behind the wheel and the car darted down the dirt road. They met no traffic for a couple of miles. Then two motorcycles flashed past them.

"State troopers," said Smith with a chuckle, "bound for Kamp Kumfort."

For a score of miles they careened along a winding back road. At last, at a lonely spot, where dense woods obscured the autumn moon, John Smith halted his car and lit a cigarette.

"I'll bet you're tired of that apple by now," he remarked. "I'll take it out. But I warn you, Annie Bean, that if you let out one single tiny peep I'll put it back again. You've got sense. Use it now."

He removed the gag.

"Eddie will kill you for this," Annie Bean said.

"So he promised," said John

WELL-KNOWN DANCE TEAM, Betty and Tom Wonder, do a spirited and original dance act. Though still very young, they are already favorites with American vaudeville audiences.

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Smith. "Would you be glad if he did, Annie?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"You're a low-down, dirty crook," she said. Then, pleadingly, "Mr. Smith, I've got twenty-two dollars in my pocketbook. Take it and let me go."

"No," said John Smith; "you're going with me."

"Where?"

"You'll see."

"What are you going to do to me?" she faltered.

"You'll find out."

"But—but—you seemed so nice and kind," she whimpered.

"I am nice and kind," said John Smith. "Nicer and kinder than Eddie, anyhow."

"Eddie doesn't rob and shoot people."

"Could you care for a man who did?"

"I certainly could not," she said. "Please let me go."

"Where would you go?"

"I could hitch-hike back to the camp and save Eddie."

"Why save him?"

"You know perfectly well," she said, "that when they find that mask and gun you planted, they'll arrest him."

"No doubt."

"You're a nasty mean beast to do that to an innocent man!" she cried.

"He'll come to no harm," John Smith said, "if he's innocent."

"I suppose you think you did something pretty clever," the girl said. "But maybe you weren't so smart, after all. Those state troopers have seen prison pictures of that Frenchy. They'll let Eddie go right away."

"Then why worry?"

"Please let me go back to Eddie."

"Do you love him very much?"

For a moment she did not answer, then she said:

"Never you mind, you jailbird, how much I love him. I ran away with him, and I'm going to go through with it."

"No, you're not," said John Smith.

"Why not?"

"You're a game kid, Annie Bean," said Smith. "Now take it easy. I've got to tell you something. Those cops won't let Eddie go."

SHE sat staring into the blackness. After a while she said:

"Can I have a cigarette?"

"Sure," said John Smith, "if you promise not to start a fight if I untie your hands."

"I don't feel much like fighting now," she said.

He untied her hands and lit a cigarette for her.

"Is that true about Eddie?" she said.

"I'm afraid so," said John Smith. "You see, I've heard quite a bit about him. He's a bandit—and worse. You're not the first girl he's promised to take to Hollywood. I recognized that line of his. Then I noticed his coat bulged. Only professional crooks carry their pistols in a sling under their arms. So, while you were at supper, I just poked round in your cabin and found the blue mask in Eddie's overcoat. Then I had to act fast—"

"But if he is Frenchy," said the girl, "who are you?"

"John Smith."

"What else?"

He grinned.

"Just another runaway," he said, "like you, Annie Bean."

"What did you run away from?" she asked. "Wife?"

"No," said John Smith. "I have no wife—yet. I ran away from my job."

"What job?"

"Surely you've heard of Smith's Undentable Derby?"

"No," said Annie Bean.

"Well, I'm one of those Smiths," he said. "It's just a small family business. I've been in it since I was a kid—sort of treasurer and general assistant hat maker. I've worked hard, and we're doing well enough. But, Annie, man cannot live by derby hats alone. He must have change, excitement, adventure. Especially if he's young and has done nothing but make derbies all his days. Why, I got so sick of derbies I found myself kicking them round the shop—when nobody was looking. I told my dad that if I didn't get away I'd probably start eating the hats; so he told me to go away and not come back till I worked off some steam. I've done just that. Now I'm going back to my job!"

"And what about me?" said Annie Bean.

Smith started his motor.

"You're going back home too," he said. "Tonight you are going to sleep in your own little bed in Poughkeepsie."

"BUT what will my folks say?"

"Tell 'em you went on a picnic."

"Some picnic!" said Annie Bean bitterly.

"Look at it this way," said John Smith. "You wanted excitement. I wanted excitement. That old duffer Odell wanted excitement. Everybody wanted excitement. Well, we've had it. I'm satisfied to go back home and make derbies. I've even begun to miss 'em a little. You can go back home and continue your work. You're none the worse for your adventure—perhaps a bit better and wiser for it. So, if I may say so, what the hell?"

"But," said Annie Bean, "can we make Poughkeepsie tonight?"

"If you'll relax and not talk to me," said John Smith, "so I can do some fancy driving, we can make it."

Off they went through the night. At last they saw the lights of Poughkeepsie.

"I live at 156 North Clinton Street," Annie Bean said to him.

"Show me the way."

"Turn left."

He whisked around a corner on two wheels.

"Now turn right." He spun around another corner.

"Straight along for five blocks until you come to a yellow house with a white picket fence around it," she said. He yanked his car to a stop in front of the yellow house.

"I hope that you're not sore at me, Annie," said John Smith.

"Don't be a fool."

"Then I'll say good night and push along home," he said.

"Where do you live?"

"Danbury."

"That's not far."

"No, not so very far," said John Smith. "But I wish it were nearer."

"Why?"

"Because I'll be driving over here every few days," said John Smith.

"What for?"

"Don't be a fool, Annie Bean," said John Smith, and drove rapidly away.

THE END

★ NEXT WEEK ★

Is Private Banking Doomed?

BY

SENATOR BRONSON CUTTING

Yes, says a fighting champion of the New Deal—"It was President Roosevelt's great mistake" that he did not nationalize the banks on his first day in office.

★

WHAT HOLLYWOOD Stars FEAR Most

BY

FLORABEL MUIR

A wielder of "pitiless publicity" reveals its real and imaginary powers over the capital of filmdom.

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R E N D E

Cross Fire—Félix, Two-Timed and Tattooed—Death Shrieks Among the Gravestones—"He's Through!"

READING TIME

TWENTY-THREE MINUTES TEN SECONDS

PART TWO • LEGIONNAIRE ALAN SEEGER WRITES A POEM

AN adventurer from boyhood, Edgar Bouligny of New Orleans sought to join the Foreign Legion the moment the World War began in Europe. He hoped to get around the French military authorities by representing himself to be a French reservist, but on landing at Le Havre he found that they had now let down the bars to American enlistments. The war was to be over, he said later, before he realized that he was the first American to volunteer.

Beginning Rendezvous in Liberty last week, Bouligny told of his training period at Rouen among other young Americans who were fledgling Legionnaires; these included the poet Alan Seeger, Kiffin and Paul Rockwell, and William Thaw of Pittsburgh. Bouligny was made a corporal—the first American to be promoted; and he won the respect of his outfit by boxing and knocking out a Legionnaire who was a terror at *la savate*, the French science of kicking.

On October 2 Bouligny's battalion arrived at Camp de Mailly. There Félix, a remarkable ex-apache, became a member of his squad. After a fortnight the Second Legion was marched to the front. The American novices' baptism of fire came near the Château du Blanc-Sablon when they were assigned to night sentry duty on the spot where a French company has just been wiped out.

THE sergeant passed along, repeating the captain's orders.

No sleeping. Keep in touch right and left. Place an outpost in the beet field beyond. Who should it be?

Z V O U S

AN AMERICAN FIGHTER'S AMAZING TRUE ADVENTURES

by EDGAR BOULIGNY

as told to

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY ALAN

"Félix, Grunstein, and O'Hara," I suggested. The sergeant did not like the sound of Grunstein's name, even though the man was not a German. So I suggested Olov Edmon, a Swede. "*Bien!*" nodded the *sous-officier*, and I wormed my way out with the trio to a deep shell hole ahead and placed them on duty. The rest of us toiled like beavers with our short-handled shovels and small picks. Presently we had dug in behind a dry ditch which paralleled the woods to the rear. In case of a real attack by infantry or a heavy bombardment, we were doomed and we knew it.

Naturally every one of us was nervous and jumpy. The sergeant, who knew his stuff, flitted everywhere. Strangely enough, he bore the name of Schmidt! He was a former apache, like Félix.

At dawn as the haze lifted Adjutant Mader ordered me to withdraw my squad into the woods. Five hundred yards straight ahead on a hill loomed the cemetery of Craonne, in the rear of which we could discern the splendid mausoleum erected to the memory of Napoleon's soldiers who had fallen there in 1814. The cemetery was a nest of Germans. Some 750 yards from it was the picturesque Moulin de Vauclerc. Its windmill was a favorite hangout of snipers, and it was a rash soul who lifted his head above our trench. A youthful Belgian volunteer sat on the embankment chatting with Charlie Trinkard

We drove onward, firing from behind the tombs. We were continually stumbling over the bodies of Germans.

of Ozone Park, New York, George Delpeuch, the sixteen-year-old New Yorker who was the baby of the Legion, and Paul Rockwell. A bullet caught the Belgian youngster over the eye and he pitched forward beside the trio.

To this day, across my shoulders is a mass of calluses—a mark of the Legionnaire. For the haversack he wears has a wooden back which chafes him unmercifully. At Camp de Mailly I had noted among some war relics a pair of German haversacks which I envied. The soft heavy hair of a cowhide covered them, and they gave luxuriously with the movements of the body.

It now occurred to me that those dead Germans out there in no man's land wore hairy haversacks they would not need in Valhalla. I confided my idea to Waltz, who accepted it as inspired. Félix disdained it. His shoulders were like horn.

Undoubtedly the enemy knew green troops were replacing the used-up units. The first day they gave us everything they had. Shells and machine-gun bullets fairly rained through the woods. It was risky to try to get food from our kitchens in the rear. Toward evening, however, details were dispatched to bring up the *soupe*.

The fourth day came prospects of real excitement. At nightfall we were to rush Craonnelle.

To the First Company went the honor of leading the attack. The outfit included the Rockwells, Seeger, Zinn, Soubiran, Scanlon, Chatkoff, Nick Karayinis—a former pushcart peddler from New York, King, Theodore Hass of Cleveland, Ferdinand Capdeville, and nearly all my close American friends.

The Second Company, to which I belonged, lay in shell holes awaiting the signal to follow. Half creeping, half running, the First Company started amid a heavy barrage. We could see the flash of rifles like fireflies, and the spurting of machine guns, while shells broke intensely in the woods.

Fortunately, however, the rush was a success. Best of all, the little chateau, the main objective, fell into the Legion's hands. Not an American received a scratch, although several other members of the company were killed or wounded.

ANOTHER day and night out in the beet fields for the Second Company. I was lying in a shell hole out in front with two sentries. The Germans laid down a red-hot barrage, then advanced to the accompaniment of a rattling rifle and machine-gun fire.

Nearer and nearer they drew. Our battalion had only two machine guns, but we fired our rifles at the flashes.

The machine-gun bullets were whirring about our outpost. Then we discovered that bullets were coming from both front and rear! The Legionnaires in our rear had seen the jets from our rifles and, figuring that the enemy was almost upon them, were shooting directly at us!

How we ever escaped annihilation puzzles me to this day. But the Germans were turned back after a half-hour skirmish during which they had come dangerously near. In the morning, under a heavy fog, our company ran the gantlet of the artillery and joined the First in the little chateau of Craonnelle.

Streets and alleys of the village were almost choked with dead. Leaning against the fountain in the public square was a swollen corpse. One hand was still extended toward the water.

"Look!" said Waltz. "There's a cowskin haversack on that Boche's shoulders. I'll get it for you." Oblivious of snipers' bullets, he pulled it off the body. "Here," he said, "with my compliments."

Goose flesh stood out all over me. "Thank you, Waltz," I shuddered, "but I could never touch it without memories of that poor devil dying there!"

"*Sacré bleu*, corporal," he returned, "if he'd been standing there alive, we'd both have shot him!"

He flung the *sac* over his own shoulder.

No barbed wire was available in those days. Alleys and streets were barricaded with whatever timbers and stones we found handy. Most of the work had to be done at night—result, wholesale looting of the dead. Seeger and I caught sight of Félix rifling the pockets of a German corpse. Seeger was disgusted. When we returned to our wine-cellar shelter, he cornered the apache.

"Félix," he said, "it is human nature to pick up a souvenir now and then, but to go in for systematic robbery of the dead is quite wrong."

"*Mon Dieu*," returned Félix. "Will monsieur tell me what in the devil's name is *right* about war? I've soldiered a long time and haven't found out."

Seeger flushed. He had the patriotic fervor of a Joan of Arc. But, considering the source of the remark, he merely smiled and said in English:

"Well, I guess it takes all kinds of men to make an army."

IN a moment another side of Félix showed itself. George Delpeuch, the boy Legionnaire, burst in upon us with, "My God, guys, seen the illustrated date book on legs?"

"No. Where?" I said.

"Out beside the cave. I wish I had a camera! Stick your heads out and have a look."

Alan, Morlae, Paul Rockwell, and a half dozen others of us did so. It was Félix at his ablutions, stripped to the waist. Gazing through the soapsuds on his muscular back were three sad-eyed ladies, creations of a tattoo artist who had thrown his inks with a lavish hand. On Félix's left shoulder was the head of an aquiline-faced female, her dainty fingers extracting a cigarette from her mouth, her flaming tresses tossed haughtily. His right shoulder blade bore a still larger face, that of a grinning heavy-browed female. Between the two, and still larger, stared a daughter of the desert with a remarkable bosom.

We dragged Félix inside and hunted up a candle.

"Why don't you have the pictures autographed?"

"Yes. And have their telephone numbers inked in—you might forget them." Every one was talking at once.

"You like ze pictures?" Félix said brokenly. "Well, I will tell you. But I choke. Will some one find a drop of cognac? Only a drop."

A generous soul obliged with a half pint.

"On ze left," he said, clearing his throat, "zat is Rosette. She love me. But she find me in a café drinking cognac and dancing wiz a brunette. I am much disturb'. Rosette scream zat I steal her money and spend it on a hussy. I beat her a little. Zen she become more reasonable. So I become tender. I say, 'Rosette, your husband, he might object if I marry you. But I will prove to you zat I will always keep you near my heart.'

"So I have my friend Henri tattoo Rosette on my left shoulder. She forgive me everything."

"She approved of the other dames on your back?"

"No, no—you do not understand. Ze first in my collection was Rosette. *Oo la la!* She would have made music had zere been ozzers, zen! But soon poor Rosette go to prison. I am lonely. Lucrece, the widow of a wine merchant, she been making beeg eyes at me. Zat is fortunate, for I have learn' she inherited much money. So I use diplomacy. I get her picture. I have Henri tattoo it on my other shoulder, only a leetle beeger. Then I make love to Lucrece, and when she marry me—good! Everyzing is superb! My wife, she is fat and not lovely. I try to remember about her riches. And ze first chance I get, I say:

"'Lucrece, *chérie*, now that I have your sweet face on my back, trust me wiz your money. I will invest it.'

"She say, 'Félix, I trust you wiz anysing. But I have

made ze sport of ze neighbors. I am not vair reech. But I give you charge of all I have.'

" She hand me two sousand miserable francs!

" ' Is that all? ' I gasp. She say, ' Félix, would you not love me if I had not a sou? '

" ' *Oui, oui, certainement!* ' I exclaim queeck. I put ze francs in my pocket. I go out and find Henri and I tell him how I have been defraud'. ' I plan to join the Legion,' I say. ' When I write you from Africa, go tell her *au revoir* for me.' He promise like a fine friend, Henri do.

" By and by I am at Sidi-bel-Abbès. I write to Henri, but he make no answer. A few weeks more and I get a letter from Lucrece. What you sink *she* say?

" ' I have divorce' you,' she say. ' I have wed Henri. He is superb! My next great joy will come when I learn you are shot through my portrait. Success to Arab bullets! ' "

The wine cellar roared with laughter.

" Comrades," he said with a martyrlike gesture, " zat is not ze worst. Uncontent wiz ze insult, she put in also a leetle piece of newsprint. Would you believe it? Ze journal say she have settle' *feefty sousand francs* on zat serpent Henri at ze wedding! "

Félix's carburetor was sputtering for more cognac. This time he got a liter of *vin rouge*.

" What do I care? " he said with disdain. " I still have a sousand francs left. I resolve to have one grand time and forget how I am wronged. I visit many Bel-Abbès cafés. I have four, five, seex cognacs. I resolve zey are all she-devils. Never more shall I have anysing to do wiz zem!

" Zen I am lonely. I go out and look for companionship. I know ze sergeant on guard at the Village Nègre. He will weenk one eye for a franc. I give him *trois* francs and receive his blessing.

" I hear *musique* from funny leettle house. Ze Frenchman out in front, he say, ' Zey play for Regine.'

" ' Who is Regine? ' I say.

" ' Queen of ze dance! She is *magnifique!*—divine! Her muscles are as rippling waves on an ocean of love.'

" I forget my resolve. I go inside. Ah! Regine is really divine! She dance from ze neck down. Ze beads and ze bracelets go clink, clink. My heart go t'ump, t'ump. I am fascinate'. I sit at ze table and order dreenk for myself, for ze Arabs, for Regine. She see I am liberal. She pirouette to ze table. She hurl herself on my knee.

" ' I am thirst' for cognac and companionship,' I say. ' Come wiz me and we will tour Bel-Abbès.'

" Ze next I know, it is two days after. I am in *boîte*. ' Why am I here? ' I ask Pierre who is wiz me.

" ' Seexty day,' he reply. ' You overstay leave.'

" It is vair warm. I peel off ze shirt. Zen Pierre, he laugh and point his fingair at my back. ' Who is ze new lady? ' he ask. ' Ze one in ze middle? '

" I AM astonish'. I ask him to tell me what she look like. Zen I recall Regine. Evidently I have done Regine ze grand honor. Her picture is more beeg than that low fraud Lucrece, he tell me. I am please'.

" ' Anyhow,' I say, ' seexty day soon is gone, then I see Regine again. I have plenty money.' But, alas! I feel in ze pocket. There is not one sou. I am enrage'.

" ' Ah hah! ' I cry. ' When I get from out zis damn' prison, I kick all ze ripples out of ze ocean of love! ' But when I am out of *boîte*, Regine, she has vamoose'."

" So now you're through with the fickle skirts," Delpeuch interjected. Félix wrinkled his scarred forehead.

" No, no, *mon ami*. In Toulouse I meet Suzette. She is so far above Regine as ze moon. I have not time to do her ze grand honor before we entrain. But *she* will be true to me. When I get my first leave I have ze artist put her lovely face all over ze rest of my back! "

By this time looting was becoming a ruling passion of the *anciens*, and even the volunteers had come to regard " souvenir hunting " among the effects of the enemy dead as quite natural. German buttons were a prize. Silver or aluminum was eagerly sought after. I was fortunate enough to pick up a pair of binoculars, but was unable to find a cowhide knapsack. Then one night Waltz came in to the wine cellar. " Here, corporal," he said. " Take this with my compliments. It is not as good as the one you would not take from the Boche at the fountain. But it is a fair one at that."

Hawk-eyed Legionnaires were not long in noting certain places in the village where the earth had been freshly turned and then trampled down or covered with boards. Before fleeing, the residents, expecting a quick return, had buried many of their valuables. Félix was in his element at the new diversion. He secured an iron picket from the courtyard fence, filed it sharp, and probed and dug like a beaver, unearthing and amassing a supply of wine that would have done credit to a tavern keeper.

For a month after our arrival the cemetery had buzzed with German activity. Two or three times the French had endeavored to rush it. On the morning of November 15 Commandant Mader sent for me.

" Inform the members of your squad they may sleep all day if they desire. We will have a busy night. Report for further instruction at five this evening."

WHEN five o'clock came I went into a huddle with Mader and Schmidt. " At eleven tonight," the commandant said, " we will rush the cemetery. The section will be divided into three units of twelve men each. You know the ground well, corporal? You will command one squad, Sergeant Schmidt and I the others." He pulled out a rough pencil sketch and traced our plan of advance. " It is highly necessary that we rush from all three points at the same moment. One loud blast from this whistle will be the signal to break in."

At eleven the usual artillery fire was in progress. It helped to drown the noise of our approach. At last the mausoleum appeared in the shadows. The stone wall of the cemetery had been smashed there. I paused and listened for the whistle. Could we be ahead of Schmidt? There was not a sound from the enemy. I decided to advance a few feet closer to the broken wall.

" *Halt ver da!* " came a guttural challenge, and I saw a shadow move behind the collapsed masonry.

" Come quickly! " I yelled, blazing away at the shadow and then hurdling the wall. Fire spouted from behind the mausoleum and bullets rained on the stonework.

At the first fusillade from the enemy a rifle barrel flailed me across the head. I turned, half dazed, to see George, a Frenchman, and one of the most popular men in the battalion, sprawl headlong behind me, shot through the neck and instantly killed as he vaulted the fence.

Over the crumbled stones we dashed, emptying our guns. The German sentinel's comrades, eight in all, were riddled before they could fire. A full section was intrenched behind the mausoleum, however, and two more of my comrades were shot, but not critically wounded. We adopted Indian tactics, advancing from tomb to tomb.

Schmidt had the Germans flanked from the left. My

squad was letting them have it from the right, and Mader's men drove onward from the center with rare courage. The flanking was disastrous to the Germans. But every Legion rifle that did not angle slightly downward was sending bullets in the direction of our opposite attacking force. It was quite impossible to control the men, and the marvel was that we were not all killed. To make matters worse, our own troops blazed away with reckless abandon from the rear, and the Germans, equally jumpy, poured rifle and machine-gun bullets into the cemetery from the heights around Craonne.

Having coördinated our little forces, we drove onward, firing from behind the tombs until Mader gave the signal to rush the ditch where the main portion of the German outpost was intrenched. Numerous Germans legged it toward Craonne, but they left so many dead that we were continually stumbling over bodies.

As Félix and I stepped from behind a monument, a huge figure flitted out of the shadow of the mausoleum. "*Kamerad!*" The cry ended in a piteous falsetto. Before us was a Prussian of mammoth girth, one arm dangling.

"I surrender!" he cried. "My shoulder is shot away!"

He was horrified to find he had fallen into the hands of Legionnaires, thinking that execution was inevitable, so horrible had we been painted to the German privates.

In the final swoop into the ditch three more Legionnaires were wounded. But the troublesome nest of Germans had been cleaned out. Then—hell started popping. Shells and machine-gun fire from the distance fairly hurricaned around us.

Orders to dig in. Oh, boy! We didn't need them! Shrapnel began to burst. Digging was too slow. Cracking away at the sides of a tomb with his pick, Félix reached in and pulled out a coffin.

"Here," he jabbered in French as if arousing the occupant from his long sleep, "clear out of this, will you? Shrapnel won't do you any harm and my skin is still whole." Then he crept inside the tomb. An idea! Others of us were not slow to follow it.

Toward morning a handful of picked men were left in the trenches and tombs. The rest of us started back to the chateau, carrying the body of poor George.

As we crossed the highway near Craonnelle we wrapped him in his army blanket, then dug a shallow grave. No priest or parson. No prayer. No eulogy. For a moment we stood in silence. Then the whole squad scooped earth to fill in the grave. I stripped the blue cover from George's red kepi and placed it in the center of the mound.

"Forward, march!" We headed for the chateau.

. . . . .

TO know Alan Seeger was to love him. But to know him was not a simple matter. His was a solitary nature. He mingled little with his comrades. When the battalion was *en repos*, he was accustomed to take long walks.

On the march, during those vigils out in no man's land, or in the inferno of the battlefield, his muse was ever at his elbow and in his heart a song.

Alan proposed to give no excuse for suspecting that he was less the soldier than any of us because he was more the poet. He accepted every drudgery. He was a devil-may-care of the Legion in every respect. He even affected sloppiness of appearance to such an extent that he was once severely reprimanded for it before the entire company. That pleased him. Here was crowning proof that he was no kid-glove type.

But, bless him, none of us ever needed any proof of that! He was a soldier in every way, courageous to rashness at times. It is sad that he could not have won promotion in the Legion. No one ever strove harder for recognition and few more richly deserved it.

The stable of the chateau was one of his particular haunts. Times without number I have seen him sitting in the hayloft, a candle guttering beside him, his *sac* across his knees for a desk, writing, oblivious of the shells that crashed uncomfortably near.

AGAIN, when we would be sunning ourselves, even more exposed of course, Alan would assume his familiar pose and busy himself with his writing. On one of these occasions I chanced to be beside him. The bombardment was getting so hot that a dash to the wine cellar had already begun. What was he writing that so enthralled him? I could not restrain my curiosity but leaned impudently over his shoulder and read:

> I have a rendezvous with Death
> At some disputed barricade,
> When Spring comes back with rustling shade—

The first three lines of his deathless poem had been composed there. He had crossed out several more and was deciding on a fourth. Machine-gun bullets were beating a tattoo on the chateau walls. Occasionally one ricocheted and whined over our heads. "What the hell!" exclaimed Casey. "We might as well go inside." Seeger said nothing. The outpost was his favorite assignment. When at last we routed him out and retired to the cave, he resumed his writing by candlelight.

How little we knew that Alan was making his name immortal while we laughed and kidded!

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Questioned about this incident, Edgar Bouligny replied in writing: "There is not the slightest doubt that Alan Seeger started I Have a Rendezvous with Death at this time. I afterward talked to his mother about the matter. She had been told it was written much later and at various other places. This I know positively is as erroneous as some of the false stories told about his death on July 4, 1916."]

Bouligny himself took this snapshot of a group of his Legionnaire comrades at the front near Craonne.

. . . . .

Outpost duty on the hill crest. We were keeping a close liaison with the outpost on the left. Sergeant Schmidt was constantly making the rounds as silently as a shadow. Often I would look up astonished to find him at my elbow.

I saw some one move to the left and slightly ahead.

"Schmidt again," I thought. "But why the devil should he have strayed out beyond the line there?"

Again the moving figure. Then a rustle in the weeds. There was more than one. It couldn't be Schmidt.

I jabbed Apostalatas the Greek with my elbow and pointed. Another rustle in the weeds.

"Who goes there?" I shouted and dropped to my knee. Without waiting for a reply to the challenge, Apostalatas fired. Streaks of flame leaped at us point-blank. Apostalatas fell, instantly killed.

Bang! bang! bang! Rifles popping on both sides. Then came an agonizing pain in my right knee. I flattened beside the still form of Apostalatas and fired my Lebel as rapidly as my trembling hands could reload it.

Three American Legionnaires at Craonnelle. Left to right, they are Morlae, King, and Bouligny.

A few moments, and enemy machine guns got on the job by the wholesale. The few we had stammered a faint echo.

More artillery, plenty of it, both French and German, opened up from front and rear. The flame from Apostalatas's rifle had lighted a powder train for miles. Many a poor devil would be consumed.

Aggravating the torment of my wound, intense heat swept my body. I almost drained my *bidon*. The fever passed. God, how cold it seemed! I snuggled close to Apostalatas, for the warmth had not yet left him.

Waltz wormed over and gave me a swig of brandy. We lay there and banged away.

IT was a half hour perhaps before reënforcements came. Schmidt edged up to me. "Wounded, corporal? Lucky it isn't an artery—you'd be gone by this time. Put your arms around my back. I'll—"

"Damned if I do," I said. "I can still shoot. I'll stay with my men." It was my leg talking, for the first attempt to move was excruciating.

"Don't be an ass! In a few minutes the men will advance. You can't stay here alone," Schmidt insisted.

Another figure loomed in the darkness. "Here, lend a hand," Schmidt called. "*Oui, oui*," came the familiar voice of Félix. "*Mon Dieu*, it is the corporal!" And as tenderly as they could the two dragged me behind the mausoleum of Napoleon's heroes. Being moved aggravated the pain frightfully. I lost consciousness.

When I came to, *brancardiers* were carrying me on a stretcher and we were nearing Blanc-Sablon, where I was deposited in a cave. Dr. Van Vorst, our fighting surgeon, picked me out of a heap of wounded men and called a French captain doctor. When they had finished with me Van Vorst exclaimed, "By God, Edgar, you are the first Yankee to get popped in this war! Did you know that?"

"No," I said. "Am I all washed up?"

"I can't say for certain, but you've got a clean wound above the knee. Barring infection and the danger from the severed nerve, you ought to be back in six weeks."

AT midnight five of us were carried out and deposited on some straw in a two-wheeled cart. The .75s were pounding furiously and the earth was rocking. A nervous driver lashed his lone mule madly while we jolted in torment over the scarred highway. At a village a motor ambulance was waiting to take us to another, where we were carried into an old warehouse. Every moment stretcher bearers brought in more patients.

Forty-eight hours in the flour warehouse, then the ambulance again—this time to Fismes. Morning found me in another hospital—a huge warehouse at Château-Thierry. My pain had left me completely. But I was still feverish and very nervous. I glanced at my neighbor on the right, a pleasant-faced Frenchman with a huge mustache.

"*Tiens!*—an American!" he said. "Where are you wounded? In the leg?"

"Yes," I said, "but it's not serious. It doesn't hurt at all any more."

Then I tried to move my leg. It was paralyzed.

A major doctor prodded it. "Do you feel that?"

"No," I said.

He took off the bandage.

"It's paralyzed," I heard him say to an assistant. "He's through. If they have to operate, it will be better to have him at Port-à-Binson. Send him there."

Two hours after I entered the Château-Thierry hospital they were carrying me out to another ambulance.

"He's through!" kept ringing in my ears.

One of the Legion's barricades near the cemetery of Craonnelle. Another picture taken by Bouligny.

But Edgar Bouligny was far from being "through," as next week's installment will attest! He will tell how the enemy thought to celebrate the Kaiser's birthday by a crushing surprise attack with hand grenades, a new weapon—and how the Legionnaires stood up to the attack while the .75s hammered their assailants "punch-drunk." He will tell also of the stern quelling of a mutiny in the Legion, and of his own strange experience with an American who had come to be a hated man of mystery.

NO MORE

READING TIME: 23 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

POP SORDIE was tired. He sat down on the edge of the curb, his chin on his hands and his hands clasped over the head of his cane. The small white poodle promptly sat down beside him and cocked an ear inquiringly.

Pop Sordie looked like no one on earth but Pop Sordie. His beard was long and full and curling, and it was spotless white. His mustache, quite as white and curling, was brushed carefully away from his finely chiseled mouth. When he smiled, strong white teeth showed, his own teeth. His cheeks were flat and sun-bronzed, the bones set high. His nose was aquiline and high-bridged, between deep-set eyes of which the brown had never faded, eyes that neither sparkled nor twinkled but which shone so brightly that you could scarcely read the expression behind the shining.

His hair grew low around his forehead in waves, white as beard and mustache. He wore no hat. He was nearly ninety-three years old, but he stood as straight and slim to his tall height as would a man of thirty.

The little poodle was clean-scrubbed to the skin, tail and hair unclipped.

The girl in the red dress slowed her steps as she came down the street and her gaze caught on Pop and the white dog sitting there. As she came abreast she half smiled at them, and spoke.

"Hello, Pop."

Pop Sordie got to his feet, to his full six feet and three inches. He made the girl in red a

by JOHN CASTLE HUNT

**A Wistful Tale of Elfin Memories—
With a Girl in It Who (Believe It or Not)
Had Fairies Sitting on Her Shoulder!**

BELINDAS

courtly bow and smiled back at her. "Hello to you, young lady."

The girl had come to a full stop. She laughed, a little laugh that was slightly embarrassed. "Please don't think me impertinent, will you? You looked so like a picture, the two of you, sitting there. I couldn't help myself."

But Pop Sordie did not hear the laugh, he did not see the smile. He saw the agony in her pansy-blue eyes. He heard the beat of tragedy in her low voice. He knew that she scarcely saw him, was really conscious of him only superficially. He had to get her attention.

"I'm Pop Sordie, the tenth wonder of the world," he told her gravely, and was gratified to see her eyes widen and focus on him with almost startled intensity. "I'm ninety-two years old," he went on, "I have my third set of teeth, I've never been ill a day in my life, and I haven't a real friend on earth—save Helen of Troy, platinum blonde." And he touched the white poodle with his slender cane.

A slow smile moved across the girl's face, a smile she tried to make very gay, and failed in the

"I knew another girl like you once," said Pop—"a girl with black hair who wore a red dress."

The girl in the red dress slowed as her gaze caught on Pop and the white dog.

trying. "Well, since candor seems to be in order, I might reply that I'm Stacey Fitzhugh, the greatest fool since Nero. I'm *twenty*-two years old, I have just cut my first wisdom tooth, and I'm sick to the soul."

"We have four wisdom teeth to cut, you know," Pop said, and his brown eyes were watching her intently. "And there are many kinds of fools. Just to what class do you assign yourself?"

"I'm a sad fool," the girl retorted a little savagely.

"I fear I'd have to have proof of that," Pop challenged. "What can you have done to prove yourself such a sad fool?"

"I have just left my husband for another man," said Stacey Fitzhugh slowly. "He doesn't know it yet. I didn't have the courage to tell him." The pain in the pansy-blue eyes burned like hell fire. "I couldn't bear to hurt him, and I couldn't bear to live with him, so I just walked out. The other man will be waiting for me at dinner time, and I've four hours ahead of me to kill."

"DEAR, dear!" Pop shook his white head. "You mean four centuries, Stacey. Come, Helen!" He poked the white poodle with his cane. "This is a case calling for our attention." He stepped across the curb on to the sidewalk, to face the girl in red, and the white poodle followed sedately at his heels.

She paused when Pop paused, and looked up at Stacey Fitzhugh. She seemed to decide that she liked the girl, that she liked the red dress with its white satin collar and white patent-leather belt, the saucy white hat with its impertinent red feather, the little white shoes with bright red heels. She even seemed to approve the black hair that framed the pixy face with its very white skin and pansy-blue eyes. She gave a very small bark and wagged her tail.

"You see, my intent is approved by Helen," Pop told Stacey. "I am asking you to lunch with me and go for a drive to fill in those four centuries. Of course, you wouldn't think of refusing."

The girl in red tried to laugh again, but her relief was so great that she almost sobbed instead. "Refuse to go riding with Helen of Troy?" she returned. "Never! I didn't say I was a *hopeless* fool! Where do we lunch, Pop?"

Sordie gave a huge sigh. "Phew! That's a relief. I thought there for an instant that you were going to descend and call me Mr. Sordie. I should have known better. I distinctly saw the fairy sitting on your shoulder as you came down the street. My error—and your pardon, please! We lunch at the Golden Pheasant Grill."

"Lovely!" approved Stacey.

Inside the Grill, a white-coated Chinese boy led them to an isolated booth, and Pop ordered chow mein, steamed biscuits, and preserved oranges. He knew it wouldn't matter much what he ordered; she probably would never know what she had eaten anyway. She sat gazing at him and at Helen of Troy, sitting decorously on the bench beside him, and she had no idea what was written in her eyes.

He asked abruptly, "How will he find out?"

"He'll know when he comes home and I'm not there." Stacey's lower lip quivered. "We've been married three years, and I've never yet been away when he came home."

"I see." Pop nodded. "What's he like?"

He busied himself pouring her a cup of tea.

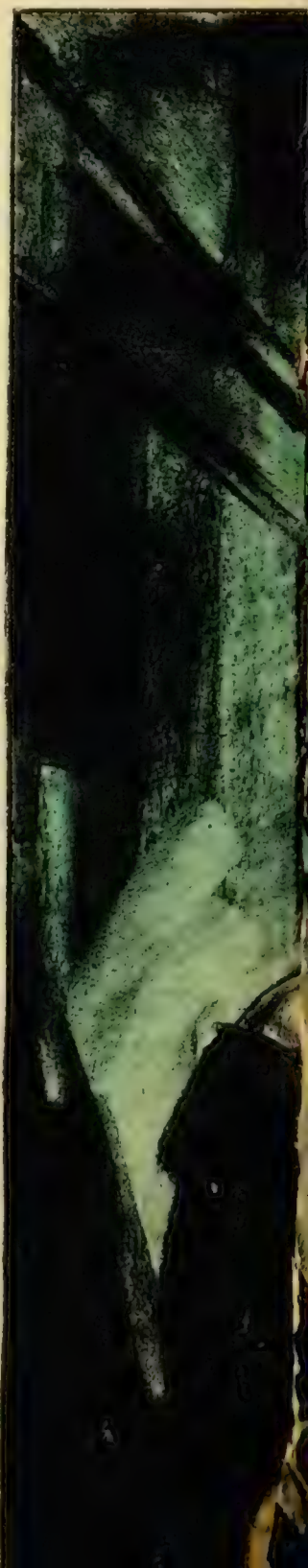
Stacey's pansy-blue eyes were lighted from some altar as she answered his question. "Oh, he's tall, nearly as tall as you. And he has black hair, the most beautiful black hair. He's very handsome, Pop, with fine rugged features and almost black-blue eyes. He's—I guess he's practically perfect. That's the trouble."

"Yes, it would be," Pop assented. "Little flaws show up so glaringly against perfection, don't they? What's the flaw that drove you away, Stacey?"

"He snores," said Stacey defiantly. "Not just a little rumbling snore, but an awful roaring ripping sound. I—I simply can't go to sleep night after night, for trying to shut my ears to it. It may sound silly, but it's only awful."

"It could be," agreed Pop, and there was no amusement in his face or voice. "It could get on your nerves till you'd think nothing in the world was worth the continual harrying sound of it night after night, not even him."

"Yes, just!" Stacey leaned over the table, warmed by his understanding. "I was afraid you'd laugh at me."



"What's he like?" Pop busied himself pouring her a cup of tea.

"Laugh—at tragedy?" Pop looked squarely into her eyes. "Not I, my dear. What's the other man like? Is he as handsome as the one you've left forever?"

Potent word, forever. Pop saw her wince.

"No," she answered slowly, "no, he isn't. But he's good and sound and dependable. And he's loved me for years. He loved me before I married Hal, before I even knew Hal, but I couldn't see him then. Hal—Hal just swept me off my feet. And I loved him, Pop. Don't believe that I didn't. I'll always love him, I guess. But I just can't go on. I can't bear the sound of a snore, and I can't help that repulsion in me. And Hal can't help making that awful noise."

"There are some things you can't get around." Pop frowned, and his white hair gleamed as he raised his head to look up at the high window over her head. "You have to get along with them or go away from them."

The girl said nothing for several minutes as they devoted themselves to their luncheon. Then the meal was over and they went outside and Pop called a big roomy car that was for hire.

"Drive us to the prettiest spot you can find," he ordered the chauffeur, "where there are trees, and a creek, and wild flowers of some sort. You know such a place? Then get us there, and go away and leave us alone. You can come back when I whistle for you."

So the chauffeur took them to a little hill that swept down to a grove of firs and cottonwoods, where the grass beneath was powdered yellow and mauve and white with cowslips, violets, and stars-of-Bethlehem. He left them there and went to the other side of the grove and lay down under a cottonwood in the cowslips and went to sleep.

He was used to having people make crazy demands on him. Pop and Stacey sat down on a blanket Pop had taken from the car and spread under a fir near the creek.

Helen yawned and curled up on the blanket between them.

"Now," said Pop, "one century is gone, and there are only three more. I knew another girl like you once—a girl with black hair and pansy eyes who wore a red dress and had fairies sitting on her shoulder."

"Oh, did you?" Stacey looked at him with interest, and began to forget what he wanted her to forget. "Was it very long ago?"

"You've guessed it. It was a *very* long ago, Stacey. It was over sixty years ago. Her name was Belinda, and she used to powder the black hair, and the red dress was all puff and flounces and things, the way they wore them then. I was a very eager young man in those days. I knew I'd found something in her that I would never find again. The kind of thing we find but once. Harmony with life, and some intangible depth beyond the ordinary scenes of living. When I was with her there wasn't just this world and material things that I could touch; there was infinite space to the sky, there was more poignant melody in sound, there was more fragrance in perfume, there was living, breathing vibration that I could feel around me like brushing wings, and could never touch.

"Even when she was gone, the echo of it was there. It was as if, once having been in her presence, there could nothing ever be quite the same again. Do you know what I mean?"

"Oh," breathed Stacey, "*do* I! I knew it from the first day I ever saw Hal. But I couldn't have put it into words as you have done."

"Neither could I, then," said Pop, and there was something in his voice that went through her like a sigh. "I learned that—later. I only felt it then. It was only natural that I should love her. But that she should love me was a miracle. She married me, Stacey. And the miracle went on. The world was mine. Nothing any one did could make me angry, nothing could hurt. I had her. I used to tell her that.

"I worked hard, because I wanted to win everything for her, and I used to come home bodily tired, but there was something inside of me that could never grow weary so long as she was there.

"See, Stacey. I never knew grief. I never knew pain. I never knew weariness. Because there was something I caught from her that lifted me above the dull plane of the world in which I lived. I was in another plane, where the soul dominated the flesh, and she had opened the door for me. But—she went out and closed the door."

"OH!" said Stacey, and the low word was a little cry of pain.

"Yes," said Pop. "I came home one night famished for a sight of her, as I always was, for the sheer relief of being near her, like a parched man thirsting for cool water. And she wasn't there. I knew something was wrong. She hadn't ever not been there before, and we'd been married nearly two years. I thought at first that something must have happened to her and I was alarmed. I went to the house across the road—we lived in the suburbs—and asked the woman there if she knew where Belinda was.

"People looked at those things differently in those days. It was a scandalous thing for a woman to go away from her husband. But Belinda had defied censure and had told that woman what she couldn't tell me. She had gone away, with another man, and she was not coming back. She had gone away from me forever. Because I clicked my teeth.

"Any one else but you might laugh, might even be repelled. But we have to learn that the sublimities of life are but a line from the absurdities, and when the two get tangled up we have tragedy. I don't click my teeth now. It took me nearly twenty years to break myself of the habit. She didn't think I would ever stop it. She thought I couldn't help it, and she couldn't help the fact that the sound made her nerves raw. She couldn't bear to offend me by complaining of such an absurdly little thing, so she had set herself to bear it till she couldn't bear it any longer, then she had gone away where she wouldn't ever have to hear it again.

"It took me several hours merely to grasp the fact that she was gone and that she wouldn't come back. When I finally came to the full realization, something had snapped forever, some thin cord that had connected me with that other plane where I had lived only through her. The dull heavy world of every day weighed me down and claimed me. And I was so weary that I ached to the spine.

"I knew there was no use trying to get in touch with her and bring her back. A flaw in me had driven her away. It's always little flaws that drive the other one away, Stacey. Any time a woman turns to another man, or a man to another woman, it's some little flaw that has started the revolt. And the rebel hasn't the courage to bring up so absurd a trifle, so that he or she continues to endure the trifle, and fight it, and other trifles are added, till it becomes a monumental issue, and there is another broken tie completely finished by a bored judge's decision, a judge who always hears all manner of excuses but the real one.

"I didn't even contemplate trying to call her back. I knew how surely a thing was done when she did it. I simply set about revising my scheme of living, steeling myself to the break, enduring till the ache grew a little less and I could halfway bear to try to live again.

"I SOLD the house—lock, stock, and barrel, just as it was—and went out and never set foot in it again. I sensed the potency in new surroundings, new faces, even new loves. I told myself that another love would come some day, and I would forget how this had hurt. And I would *stop* clicking my teeth.

"I worked harder than ever. I really tried to make myself so tired that I couldn't think. It worked, to some extent. I did make myself so tired that I couldn't think extensively. But I couldn't stop feeling. And inside of me there was a queer dead emptiness, a sick sort of ache, that I could never get rid of. When I received the divorce summons, I made no sign. I just chucked it in the stove and worked still harder. She married the other man, and I heard of it; that she'd gone to Italy and Singapore and all sorts of places where we'd planned to go. But I made no sign then, either.

"I wasn't going to let myself break up on the rocks. I knew that there was truth in the saying that time heals. But nobody ever has said that time replaces. It would be a lie, that's why. Nothing can be replaced. Once lost, a thing is gone forever. We don't get the same thing back, ever.

"I worked hard, and the only thing I kept of her was the little white poodle dog she'd left behind, the little white poodle she'd named Helen of Troy. For a long while Helen would beg for her, and I hid my face in Helen's side, and if I could have cried her silk-white hair would have been wet. I never wanted anything to happen to Helen of Troy.

"Helen was nearly ten years old when I married again. I married a girl as different from Belinda as two girls could be different. There were no fairies on Joanna's shoulder. Her hair was brown and her eyes were gray, and she couldn't wear red. She was sane and sensible and she loved me, and I loved her too, in a quiet sort of way. I told myself that this was a cool and sensible affection that would last always, far better than that wild feverish thing I had known for Belinda. My blood did not race when I saw Joanna or thought of her. I didn't catch my breath when she touched me. I didn't ache unbearably when I was away from her too long. None of those things that had lifted me to that other world with Belinda were in Joanna.

"I told myself that it was better so. That that other had been the wild passion of youth, and that this was a level older love that would bear me on to the end in tranquillity. Just the same sort of thing we always tell ourselves in hours like that, a kind of cold sop for comfort, the lies we never believe, whistling in the dark because there never will be any light again. Who wants tranquillity, anyhow?

"So I married Joanna, and settled into routine, into the days of seeing my house perfectly kept, myself perfectly cared for, my children perfectly reared in the years to come.

"Then Helen of Troy died. Joanna hadn't cared about

dogs, but she had gotten used to Helen. I buried Helen with my own hands, and bought another white poodle and named her Helen the Second.

"On my wedding night, after Joanna had gone to sleep, I was really happy for a while. I lay there contented and relieved, thinking how well things had come out for me after all. Then inside of me there came suddenly an old familiar ache. I felt a fairy touch on my hair. I heard a low voice I knew too well whispering, 'Toby, there's a brownie pulling your hair and there are six stars through the window. Let's go walking down by the brook and pick anemones in the moonlight.'

"I couldn't stand it. It hurt so badly that I couldn't swallow the lump in my throat, because I was always longing without ceasing for that world of light that I could never find again. Joanna never talked of brownies and stars, she didn't see fairies, and she would have thought it preposterously insane to go picking anemones in the moonlight. I looked at the blur of her head on the pillow, and for a moment I hated her. I couldn't stay there. I got up, and took Helen the Second, and went down by the brook and picked a handful of anemones. Belinda was beside me every foot of the way, and I went back and laid the pure white anemones on the grave of Helen the First. My eyes hurt unbearably when I went back to bed, because I knew that such a night would come again.

"I couldn't count those nights now. Last night was one. But I did try to think so hard of Joanna to the exclusion of everything else that I succeeded in doing it for several days. Then we went to a theater, and after we came out there was a girl in a red dress in the crowd and I heard her telling somebody that she wanted to go chasing rainbows in a taxicab. I hurried Joanna away so fast that she thought I was ill. I was. Ill with the thought that there would always be girls in the world like Belinda and that they would intrude on me when I was least guarded for the attack.

"I SLEPT like the dead that night, and Joanna woke me to breakfast with a smile, and I thanked God for her and told myself that old dreams have to die. That afternoon I was just going out of my office with Helen—Helen had her own cushion in my office—and the building was empty and still, and I heard a footstep behind me as clearly as I shall ever hear anything. I knew it, and I felt a little wave of terror. I'd heard it before, light and ghostly. I was ready for the touch on my arm, the bubbling laughter in my ear, the wicked little voice: 'Toby, you haven't done a thing all day but work, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I know where there are chicken sandwiches, and a tree that whispers and a creek that never works. Come on!' And I didn't go home.

"I took Helen, and got some chicken sandwiches, and went out to the tree that whispered and the creek that never worked. And Helen the Second walked at my heels and Belinda walked by my side. And I finally went home burning with pain.

"I told myself that this couldn't keep on, that it had to end sometime. But it never has ended. When I realized at last that it never was going to end, I swore that I would get used to it. When my first daughter was born I named her Joanna for her mother, and I vowed that she should fill my life so full that ghosts would have to stay away from me. But I'd look in her eyes and see the specters of fairies. I'd roll her in the grass and hear something in the air like a sigh.

"WHEN my second daughter was born, I knew better than to make myself any more wild promises. I saw that it was going on and on, and all I could do was to keep my head up and my eyes before. And Helen the Second was run over by a truck, and I bought another white poodle and named her Helen the Third.

"Then one day my wife told me that I had an irritating habit that was getting on her nerves, and that she wished that I would try to control it. I flinched, because I hadn't been able to break myself of that habit of clicking my teeth, though I was fighting it every day. 'What is it?' I asked, trying to be as casual as a man may be. 'You snap your fingers when you are thinking hard,' she answered. 'Don't you think you could learn to stop it?' 'I'm sure I can, and I will,' I answered. 'I thought you meant that habit of clicking my teeth.' 'Oh?' she said. 'No, I never noticed that. No, it doesn't bother me. But I do wish you'd stop snapping your fingers when you're thinking.'

"So I stopped it. I never snap my fingers any more and I never click my teeth. Years after I had stopped both, I heard that Belinda was in town. Some one we both had known brought me word that she was dying and wanted to see me. So I built an iron wall about my courage and went. She was older, many years older, but she was the same. I stood in the door of her room and looked down at her and couldn't speak, till she smiled at me and held out her hand. 'You may click your teeth all you want to if you'll just come and hold my hand till I die,' she said. 'Toby, there haven't been any fairies in the world for a thousand years, and the stars went out the night I left you. Hold my hand, because I can't die till I touch you again, and I have to die.'

"So I went to her with dry eyes, and I held her hand till it grew cold. And nobody interfered with us because she had sent everybody away and had told them all to stay till they saw me go. I folded her hands and closed her eyes and went away, and I did not weep.

"I have never wept for her. But I never found that place again where the sky is deep, and where melody fills the air, and the very dead grass

DOES YOUR CAR

TAKE A BEATING ?

Do you treat 'er rough? Keep your foot on the floor board for long stretches? Give her lots of wear and tear? Then you'll be interested in this letter from R. W. Werckle of St. Louis:

"I drive a Buick roadster. Total mileage now 130,000. Five batteries, and eight sets of tires have gone. However, pistons and bearings in the motor have never been changed. Quaker State has had everything to do with that . . . I never use anything else."

You can't get results like this with ordinary oil. For every gallon contains one quart, more or less, of weak, non-lubricating material called "light-end" oil. This breaks down, vanishes, causes faulty lubrication.

Quaker State removes "light-end" oil at the refinery...by a special process that begins where ordinary refining processes leave off. You get an "extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." Result: piston rings wear better, bearings function properly.

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places will service your car from refinery-sealed cans ... or from patented, double-sealed drums. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

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is sweet to smell. I never found a place where the ache couldn't follow, and I never found any corner so remote that ghosts couldn't get there too. And Joanna died, and the girls grew up and married. And this little thing here is Helen the Fourteenth. And dreams never die. *And*—the third century is nearly gone. It's time I was getting you back to town, so that you can find your young man." Pop's voice trailed to silence, but he did not move.

Stacey Fitzhugh caught her breath as if she had suddenly been hurled rudely out of daze into brutal reality. She sat up very erect, and her pansy-blue eyes sought Pop's face, appalled.

"Oh! If I should ever do that to Hal!"

Pop sat very still. And because he knew when words must be said and when they must not, he did not speak.

STACEY shivered. "But—what will I do, Pop Sordie! What will I *do?* He can't help it!"

"No," said Pop frowning, "he can't. He can't stop *that*. We have to weigh, Stacey, and apportion our values to the gain accrued. *Couldn't* you have two rooms at the opposite ends of a hall, and shut your door? And after you'd gone hunting stars in the moonlight, or loved him till you were satiated and drugged with ecstasy, even after he'd gone to sleep, say, you could slip down to your room and close the door so you couldn't hear."

"But—what would he think?"

"He wouldn't think," said Pop softly. "He'd know. There are times, Stacey, when nothing will live but the truth, when all lies die even as we say them and their bones rise up and rattle in our faces. You couldn't tell him why you had to go away forever, but you *could* tell him why you wanted to move to another room once in a while where you couldn't hear. Couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes. Yes!" Stacey's eyes shone through something that made them glitter like stars. "Of course. He'd understand, too, wouldn't he? He *wouldn't* think I was getting tired of him."

"He couldn't," said Pop Sordie steadily. "Not if you tell him right away tonight, while you're still remembering what I told you about Belinda."

"Remembering!" cried Stacey. "I'll never forget. You've saved me from making an awful mistake."

"No, dear child." Pop's finely chiseled mouth smiled; but his shining eyes were deep with something she could not read. "I've saved you from dying. I've saved you from slaying. And, after all, I've only given you sight to see that nothing is so terrible as the little things that are so absurd we are afraid to speak of them, and we *have* to speak of them and find the answer before the stars go out and the world turns cold forever. And everything *has* an answer; remember that too. *Everything!* Now I shall call our chauffeur and take you—where shall I take you?"

"Oh, home!" cried Stacey. "I'll barely have time to get dinner ready now before Hal gets home."

So Pop called the chauffeur, and he drove her to the little house where she lived and sent the car away, and stopped at the little latticed gate to tell her good-by.

"No, please!" begged Stacey. "Not good-by! You must come in, and stay to dinner, and meet Hal."

"You're wrong." Pop's bronzed face was faintly sad, framed in the snow-white waving hair. "You mustn't ever see me again. That would spoil it. Because, you see, when you came down the street toward me today, Belinda was sitting beside me, and she poked Helen the Fourteenth with her finger and said to me, 'Toby, there's a girl in red, and she's going to do something that you mustn't let her do. Oh, Toby! There have to be fairies and stars and dreams, but don't let there be any more Belindas if you can stop it!' I'd have spoken to you if you hadn't spoken to me, because she told me to. And we can't ever share Belinda, you and I. Hal would see through, and he'd wonder, and some day you might have to tell him and hurt him. I must go on my way, and you—you must remember Helen of Troy the First. Good-by, my dear—my dear little Belinda the Hundred and Seventh, good-by."

And Pop whirled away and walked down the street very swiftly. Stacey couldn't see him go, and she couldn't see the little white poodle trotting at his heels, because her eyes were blurred, and she was saying a passionate little prayer of gratitude for Pop Sordie. She had utterly forgotten the other man who would wait and wait and finally go away and know that it was ended. But her thought went with the man going down the street, the tall old man with the white bared head.

POP walked rapidly till he was out of her sight, then he slowed his pace, as if he were accommodating his gait to the tread of ghostly steps that could not go so fast. He came around a corner to a big limousine that was waiting by the curb, and a handsome gray-haired woman sitting in the back seat. The liveried chauffeur leaped out to open the door for him.

The gray-haired woman looked out at him with a slight expression of exasperation. "Father! Wherever have you been? Really, can't you ever be on time?"

"Oh, time!" said Pop, as he stooped his tall shoulders to enter the car. "Time is often so unimportant, Joanna."

"Not this afternoon," said Joanna, with a touch of asperity. "Whatever have you been doing with yourself?"

"I have spent the afternoon," said Pop softly, "telling lies to a beautiful young lady. Home, Crothers."

But that was the only lie he had told that day.

THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY
RUSSELL PATTERSON

A Chorus Girl's Lectures on ETIQUETTE

A GIFT COSTS UNDER FIFTY DOLLARS. A PRESENT IS ANYTHING FROM A FUR COAT TO AN AUTOMOBILE.

Presenting the Fourth and Concluding Spasm — on Gifts and Presents, and How to Accept Them Without Hurting the Gentleman's Feelings

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN this portion of the semester, young ladies, I must ask for your undivided attention, as it contains information which no well bred sister of the chorus can get through even one year of the Follies without.

You may have to stay up late nights doing research work, but when you take inventory at the end of the season, it will have been worth-while.

First, let us look into the question of what is a gift and what is a present. You think such a fine distinction is splitting hairs? Well, that shows how much you needed this course.

A gift is anything which costs under fifty dollars, such as the minor perfumes, flowers, candies, books if you're not careful, and gadgets.

A present is anything from a fur coat to an automobile, and how to accept these and remain a lady is the most difficult part of the lesson. But you must bear in mind that nothing is impossible if you *think right.*

by DOROTHY DAY

Let us pass lightly over the subject of gifts. They are merely child's play to assemble, and you will find that they often consist of things you really don't want much but will make excellent material to send to the folks back home at Christmas.

Flowers naturally cannot be stored up, but if you really want to convert your excess flowers into cash, you will find some florists very obliging about taking back a flock of orchids and giving you the money, at a slight discount.

Now let us become serious. Suppose it is a diamond-and-platinum wrist watch you need.

This urge ought to grip you around Christmastime or one of the major holidays. Birthdays are always good, for their dates can be so flexible. I knew a girl once who had a birthday six times in one year, and grew three years younger, according to her own story, in the meantime. Which is a neat trick, you must agree.

All right, then. Christmas is coming, and you are out with a gentleman who has a bit of the Old Nick in him and wants to play Santa Claus. Such good clean fun should not be denied. So when he asks you in an ipsy-tipsy voice what you want Santa to bring you, be very guarded in your answer. One girl of my acquaintance had a dreadful experience. She said she would like to have a book, because she thought the gentleman would respect her for it, but he didn't and she actually got a book!

So when the question of a present is put up to you, say something like this, being sure to open your eyes wide with plenty of the Truffles appeal in them.

"Oh, Georgie," and your voice is filled with childish delight, "I'd like whatever you would give me. Not because of the present, but because you had selected it, and a man with your taste would select something sweet, and it would be the sentiment attached to it that would really count." Oh, yeah?

A little later in the evening, you might inquire for the time. Georgie will take out a thin platinum watch and tell you it's half past five.

"*No!*" It's you broadcasting again. "Oh, Georgie, when I'm out with you the time just flies! What a pretty watch!" You take it and play with it while he tells you a long story about how The Boys at the office gave it to him because he is such a swell boss.

"I don't wonder," you say. "It was certainly a good way of showing their appreciation for all you have done for them. A watch is such an appropriate giftie"—this giftie word is an understatement, but of course you haven't given a thought to the value of an expensive watch, not you—"because every time you look at it you think of the person who gave it to you." Then you put the watch on your wrist and coo, "Oh, look, it just fits me!"

GEORGIE will laugh at this bit of whimsey and decide such a delicate wrist really needs a small diamond-and-platinum watch. The instant he has the idea, and you are sure he has it, discontinue the subject immediately as if you had not noticed his last remark. Give him the pleasure of surprising you on Christmas morning. For there is every reason to believe that on that day you will be a happier girl and Georgie be a poorer man. He might as well spend his money on you as lose it in the market, so think nothing of it.

Or suppose you already have a diamond-and-platinum wrist watch and your immediate need is a fur coat. All the material you need is a cold night, a "heated" taxi, and a kind-hearted boy friend. It is three o'clock in the morning we will suppose.

This is as good a time as any—better—as physicians tell us that at this hour man's resistance is at its lowest ebb.

You emerge from the night club and shiver prettily on the curb while your taxi draws up. You shiver as Georgie helps you in, and then you shiver some more as you start off.

A little chattering of the teeth is good too, only don't overdo it. You don't want Georgie to think you are having a fit!

"Cold, honey?" It is Georgie who wants to know. One of the wistful Truffles looks may be employed as you draw your silver cape around you tighter and say, "A little," the while you snuggle close to Georgie.

If he puts his arm around you and replies, "What are you going to do when the winter comes?" don't give up. It may be his idea of humor.

"Oh," you wail sweetly, "I don't know what I shall do if this keeps up."

Now Georgie can suggest one of two things. He can say, "Well, you ought to take a little trip to Palm Beach," which would be very nice, provided a trip South is what you are after; or he might say, "No wonder, with the clothes you girls wear nowadays."

IF he is going to be difficult like this, you can reply, "I've got my warmest clothes on right now."

"Well you ought to wear red-flannel petticoats like your grandmother used to do," says Georgie. You naturally resent his remark. Not only is it personal, but it is a distinct reflection on your grandmother. But you must overlook Georgie's lack of delicacy and concentrate on a fur coat.

If you can cry easily, now is the time to let two large tears well up in your lovely eyes.

"It would be all right if you had your arm around me all the time to keep me warm," you say sadly. This is not a good remark, however, if Georgie is not a married man. It might lead to a proposal, and what you want at the moment is only a fur coat.

But for the sake of argument we will say that Georgie already has a wife. Now he puts both arms around you, and you say, "Oh, Georgie, you're better than a fur coat."

"A fur coat," Georgie repeats vaguely. "A fur coat—" You see, he is beginning to get the idea. Like a flash it hits him between the eyes. "That's it!" he shouts happily, as if he had thought of the final word of a crossword puzzle.

"You poor little thing! You shall have a fur coat if I have to buy it for you myself. We'll see about it in the morning."

You are, of course, far too cold to remonstrate, but by morning you are worried into a fever before the messenger boy arrives with a large box.

You open it with nervous fingers, and if you find that Georgie has selected a muskrat sports coat, all I can say is, perhaps he did the best he could. But if you discover that he has sent a good serviceable mink or ermine, give three cheers—oh, make it four; this is no moment for conservatism.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—For what is Runnymede known?

2—How many red stripes are there in the United States flag?

3—Who founded the colony of Georgia?

4—Who was the composer of the Stars and Stripes Forever March?

5—When and by whom was the cornerstone of the national Capitol laid?

6—What is an ibex?

7—Who was the twin brother of Romulus?

8—Where are the Falkland Islands?

9—Who was the Mad Hatter?

10—What is an abattoir?

11—What is the name of the Mohammedan scriptures?

12—What, where, and when was the first woman's college established in the United States?

13—Who was Ottmar Mergenthaler?

14—Who wrote An Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations?

15—Where and in what year was the Young Men's Christian Association organized in the United States and Canada?

16—What was the first baseball club organized?

17—Where is the Garden of the Gods?

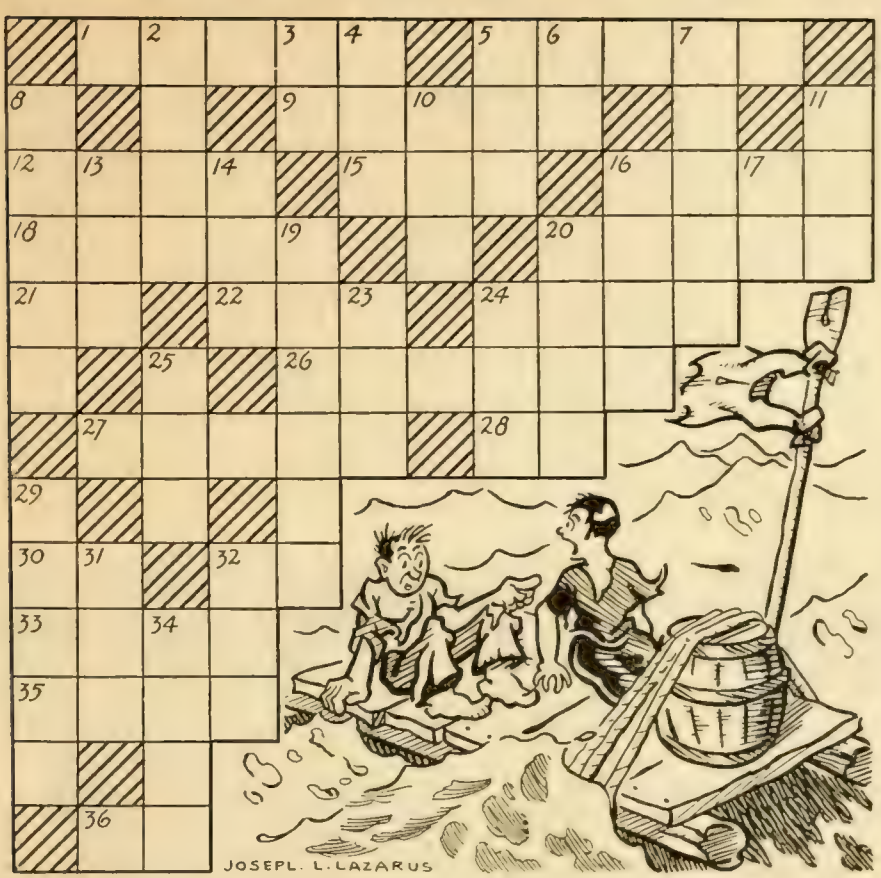
18—When was the pine-tree flag used by United States vessels?

19—What is a rhea?

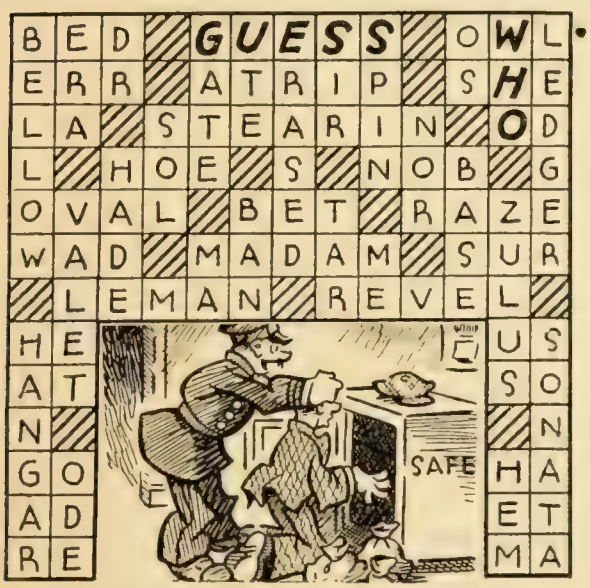
20—Who was called the Virgin Queen?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.



Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Leg
5 German rifleman
9 Wagered (archaic)
12 Observe
15 Corrode
16 Ye shall (Scot.)
18 Penetrate
20 The sesame
21 One (Scot.)
22 Gratuity
24 A hollow-horned, hoofed mammal
26 Sufficient
27 Idles
28 Belonging to me
30 Suffix: belonging to
32 Anno regni (abbr.)
33 That which gives pleasure
35 Vessel for heating liquids
36 Toward

VERTICAL

2 Derisive shout
3 Worthless (colloq.)
4 Jackdaw (Scot.)
5 Spout
6 Public notice (abbr.)
7 Occurrence
8 Desolate
10 Forcible restraint of speech
11 To turn to the right
13 A number
14 Dreamy tranquillity
16 An affirmative (slang)
17 The chemical symbol for stannum
19 A heavy close-fitting jacket
20 A truck
23 Printer's measure (plural)
24 To smear with mucilage
25 Pronoun
29 Wise men
31 Great deal
32 Woman's name
34 Upon

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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PURE DEPENDABLE SAFE

PLOTS, PYTHONS,

READING TIME: 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS.

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

Court Intrigue and a Promising Newcomer, New Rackets for Old, a Jungle Film, and a Couple of Comedies Invite Your Attention

★★★½ CATHERINE THE GREAT

THE PLAYERS: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Elizabeth Bergner, Flora Robson, Gerald du Maurier, Irene Vanbrugh, Joan Gardner, Dorothy Hale, Diana Napier, Clifford Jones, Gibb MacLaughlin, Clifford Heatherley. Directed by Paul Czinner.

A YEAR or two ago, when all the pictures imported from England consisted of an accent and a few faintly animated stills, to say that a film had been manufactured at Elstree amounted to decorating it with a danger signal. Since Henry the Eighth was shown here last autumn this situation has been radically changed. It has suddenly become fashionable for those critics who previously liked no production that could be understood without the aid of a Baedeker or a foreign-language dictionary to launch accolades at English movies with much the same enthusiasm that used to be reserved for the Russian cinema until Russian directors learned enough about the business to make their product an unmistakable copy of what has been coming out of Hollywood for the last ten years.

It would be gratifying to be able to enlarge the hosannas that will undoubtedly greet Catherine the Great, but this department is able to do so only with restrictions. Catherine the Great is a lively and intelligent pageant, but it is not in the same class with its predecessor.

However, aside from being a satisfactory film in itself, it is a superb vehicle for an actress who is likely to be next year's Anna Sten—a chipper little German brunette named Elizabeth Bergner.

The great merit of Catherine the Great is that, like Alexander Korda's production of Henry the Eighth, it treats history with more familiarity than respect. Actually Catherine—whom Marlene Dietrich will impersonate presently in The Scarlet Empress—was a Russian queen who made a nuisance of herself during most of the eighteenth century. Catherine the Great makes her a likable, eccentric, warm-hearted character, who like Queen Christina, though for different reasons, becomes attractive to the Grand Duke Peter (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), whom she loves, only when she assures him that she has had seventeen lovers.

The picture wabbles through most of the incidents customary to court intrigue in fiction. But Elizabeth Bergner—even more than Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., or Gerald du Maurier, who plays a French valet as though he were a bit-part expert instead of one of the most famous actors in England—gives it life and substance.

Good shot: Catherine, in tights and shiny boots, reviewing her Imperial Guardsmen.

Elizabeth Bergner, when she first acted in movies in Berlin, was so disgusted that she decided not to do it again. To earn money for a sick friend, she took part in a picture called Nju, married the director, Dr. Paul Czinner, and has acted in most of his pictures since.

She dislikes seeing other women smoke, and smokes constantly herself.

She likes her husband, *Wiener Schnitzel*, and skating.

A scene from Catherine the Great, with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., seated, as the Grand Duke.

Charles Farrell and Bette Davis in The Big Shakedown, a variation of the gangster film

★★½ THE BIG SHAKEDOWN

THE PLAYERS: Charles Farrell, Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, Glenda Farrell, Allen Jenkins, Philip Faversham, and others. Directed by John Francis Dillon.

Racket pictures have been, theoretically, out of date for the last two years, but the repeal of prohibition seems to have given them a new lease on life. The movies feel obliged apparently to report what is now happening to the characters who a few years ago were running beer and playing pop-goes-the-weasel with machine guns.

The Big Shakedown shows a collection of prohibition brewmeisters dodging the unemployment problem by manufacturing counterfeit pharmaceutical supplies. Charles Farrell, the proprietor of a drug store, finds himself caught in a situation which forces him to manufacture everything from tooth paste to cosmetics under fake labels to line the purse of a gangster (Ricardo Cortez) who has come into his store with a headache one evening and developed the idea for a new line of work when Farrell mixed him a powder from his own recipe instead of selling him an advertised brand.

Good dialogue by Rian James and Niven Busch and clever acting by a typical Warner Brothers cast make The Big Shakedown an entertaining picture.

Good shot: Retribution—usually the weak moment in racket pictures—indicated by the spectacle of a gangster's corpse dissolving in a vat of acid.

PUGILISTS

by BEVERLY HILLS

★★½ DEVIL TIGER

THE PLAYERS: Marion Burns, Kane Richmond, Harry Woods, Ah Lee, animals. Directed by Clyde E. Elliott.

Clyde Elliott, who photographed Frank Buck's Bring 'Em Back Alive, improves the same formulas for Devil Tiger. It contains not one fight but a dozen. The best are between a python and a leopard, a python and a man, a python and a water buffalo, a bear and a hyena, a binturong and a lizard, a crocodile and a tiger, and, for the main event, a tiger and a lion.

Like most wrestling exhibitions, all of these seem a shade too lively to be on the level. On the other hand, Elliott has affidavits to prove that the whole picture was made in the Malay jungle, and if a director knows how to frame a fight between characters like those in the cast of Devil Tiger he is wasting his time in Asia. There are one or two novelties: a stampede of elephants, a shot of a monkey trying to eat a large irritable crab.

● **Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in Devil Tiger, featuring some good animal fights.**

★★ PALOOKA

THE PLAYERS: Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Stuart Erwin, Marjorie Rambeau, Robert Armstrong, Mary Carlisle, William Cagney, Thelma Todd, Franklyn Ardell, Tom Dugan, Guinn Williams, Stanley Fields. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

If you are under the impression that Lupe Velez spends all her time squabbling with her husband on the front pages of the daily papers, Palooka should correct the illusion. In it she fights to better advantage, and with more entertaining results, with Stuart Erwin. He is a prize fighter with a feeble punch and a dizzy manager (Jimmy Durante) who is more concerned with trying to develop a barber-shop tenor than with improving the earning capacity of his protégé. Based on Ham Fisher's comic strip, Palooka is much funnier than most of the films which attempt to satisfy a ready-made audience. William Cagney, James Cagney's young brother, gives a satisfactory performance as Al McSwatt, the champion whom Stuart Erwin knocks out with a lucky punch. Good shot: Jimmy Durante encouraging Erwin between rounds.

★★ SEARCH FOR BEAUTY

THE PLAYERS: Larry "Buster" Crabbe, Ida Lupino, Toby Wing, James Gleason, Robert Armstrong, Gertrude Michael, Roscoe Karns, Verna Hillie, "Pop" Kenton, Frank McGlynn, Sr. Directed by Erle Kenton.

It is a little bit difficult to guess just what Paramount was trying to prove with this picture. It starts with a great heat of moral fervor to show the dreadful conditions that exist in the editorial offices of a health-culture magazine which hires a pair of Olympic swimmers (Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino) as editors. The publishers of the magazine (James Gleason and Robert Armstrong) are a noisome team of pornographists who, when they find that their new hirelings take their job seriously, dispatch them to a health farm on which they can put their talent to less inconvenient use.

Unfortunately, any of the queer propagandist purposes that Search for Beauty might originally have included, or any of the honest implications that its title might imply, disappear as the picture progresses.

It turns out to be an engaging, irrational spectacle-comedy, full of beauty-contest winners and wise-cracking comedy by Gleason and Armstrong.

Toby Wing has, as usual, a smaller part than she deserves. Buster Crabbe as yet shows no signs of muscling into the racket of Hollywood juveniles who know how to act, but he at least seems to be at home before a camera in Search for Beauty. If he learns how to pronounce a few more simple English words it may be that it will be possible for him in the near future to play some rôle more taxing than that of an athlete without an undershirt.

● **A glance at Jimmy Durante and Stuart Erwin proves it's funny. The name of it's Palooka.**

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square.

★★★—I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing.

TAMER of

READING TIME: 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IF you haven't read Emile Zola's novel Nana, read it. You will find there a description of La Goulue, the cancan dancer of the Moulin Rouge in Paris. They called her Goulue because she ate and drank like ten, without ever showing ill effects. At twenty she was tall, blonde, full-bodied, loud-voiced. She loved with abandon. Danced with abandon. Ate, drank, fought, quarreled, talked, and slept with abandon.

When she threw herself down on her bed to sleep, she even neglected to take her hat off. She undressed when she awoke, the crushed picture hat over her broad nose, the wealth of golden hair loose over her white neck. Then she stretched herself like a satisfied cat, laughed out loud, and called for food, while her mother helped her undress, wash, and get into fresh clothes for another day and another night.

Such was La Goulue at twenty. When I met her the first time, I was a young boy and her Moulin Rouge days were over. She was the owner of a traveling circus and had become a lion tamer. In tight-fitting white breeches and riding boots, she used to stand on the outside platform and do the barking act. Still a handsome woman, really! Magnificent legs and thighs. A magnificent pair of shoulders. Capable arms. Talking to the people gathered in front of her circus, she swung her riding whip this way and that.

Her hair was a little too golden and her full lips were too red; but her skin was still peaches and cream, and her voice had lost no vigor.

"*Entrez, messieurs et dames. Entrez!*"

I had a small job in her circus. There were six lions in it, all as tame as house cats really—but they had learned to fake ferocity and howl and growl. Besides myself, La Goulue's son Jacques, and her new husband Pierre, a young carpenter who had been taught lion taming, there were seven other men in the troupe. And we were all in love with La Goulue. We couldn't help it! She never passed any of us without putting her warm arm around us, without ruffling our hair, and on occasion giving one of us a fleeting kiss.

Yet not one of us dared to return the familiarity. We weren't even jealous of Pierre, her husband. Secretly we pitied him.

Our big meal, the midnight meal, we all ate together. La Goulue, Pierre, Jacques, and the eight of us would troop in to the nearest restaurant and sit down to a banquet. When the day's receipts permitted it, we were ogres. To watch her eat with such gusto was the most stimulating appetizer. To watch her drink a glass of wine was a lesson in the appreciation of wine. The meal over, she would push her chair away from the table, look her followers over smilingly—then, as if she had just decided to favor her husband, put her arm under his and say as she was rising, "*Bonsoir.*"

And each of us felt both discounted and relieved.

That spring was the rainiest spring Paris had ever known. Our booth stood alongside twenty other booths, washed by a continual downpour from gray skies, at a fair that was an absolute failure. Not a soul came in for days. Our meals were no longer banquets and were eaten in silence. The lions had to be fed.

Then the food for the lions gave out. We began to roam the streets at night with bags under our arms, and returned with cats and dogs caught prowling.

When the weather cleared up a little, our circus took in a little money. La Goulue bought stale bread for all of us—lions and men.

That lasted for a few days. The hungry animals roared continually. But their ferocity was no longer simulated. When La Goulue was in the cage we stood beyond the bars with prongs and pitchforks and cocked revolvers.

They wanted meat. And we were meat. A week of bread had weakened us but made them more ferocious than ever.

And then one morning it cleared up suddenly. At midday the crowds began to appear. The roulette wheels began to spin, the barkers to extol the miracles within their booths.

La Goulue took her time. She did herself up more alluringly than ever. She let her golden mane float over her naked shoulders. In riding breeches and boots and a sleeveless red blouse, she emerged on the platform, whip in hand.

"The greatest show on earth! Lions just out of the jungles of Africa! Man against beast!"

Talking, she bent over so that her full white bosom should be seen and turned to show her well muscled back, bare to the waist.

And there were a thousand promises in her gestures, in her eyes, and in her voice.

Jacques and five others of us mingled with the crowd to encourage those who held back. A hundred people entered at once. La Goulue wanted to leave the platform to do her act, but her husband came out and persuaded her to continue her barking and drawing of the crowd. We would make up our losses; we could not afford to miss one nickel. It might rain tomorrow. He would enter the cage and do his best.

She agreed reluctantly and ordered us to stay where we were.

"*Entrez, messieurs, dames!* Only one franc!"

The cashier was busy handing out tickets. The jingling of coins in her tin box was sweet music to our ears.

SUDDENLY I heard a terrific scream inside—a terrific scream followed by thousands of piercing shrieks and howls. Men, women, and children came bolting out of the circus in a panic.

La Goulue cleared her way into the tent with her whip. I crawled under the canvas and grabbed a pitchfork. It was too late! Pierre, her husband, was lying in a corner in a pool of blood. The lions were held, crowded in another corner, by prongs and pitchforks wielded by four attendants. La Goulue appeared made of iron as she opened the door to the cage and dragged Pierre out after firing a few blank shots at the roaring huddle of wild fur. He was still alive.

His left arm had been bitten off at the shoulder. He was rushed to the near-by hospital. His wife went with him.

An hour later the Parisian newspapers had the story in big headlines. The publicity attracted people by the thousands. By nightfall they stood fifty deep before our booth. Suddenly La Goulue appeared.

"Light the lamps!" she screamed. "Fools! Light the lamps!"

"And Pierre?"

"He'll pull through. Quick!—light the lamps!"

And mounting the platform, she sang out, "*Entrez! Entrez, messieurs, dames!* Come in. Come in! Only two francs. And maybe you'll have the good fortune to see how a lion eats a man!" . . .

I saw La Goulue again last year. She was selling illustrated postal cards of herself, and the story of her life, in

LIONS

● A Vivid True Story of an Amazing Woman Who Loved Life and Knew No Fear

by
KONRAD
BERCOVICI

ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES DE FEO

front of the Café de la Paix. Toothless, almost hairless, wrinkled beyond belief, she still wore riding breeches and boots.

When I told her who I was, she sat up straight, took my hands in hers, looked at me, and said, "You have grown old. You shouldn't have let yourself grow so old."

"And how is Pierre?" I asked.

"Still alive. That lion did him a great turn, chewing off his arm. He didn't have to go to the front!"

THE END

DESTRO

A Novel of a LOVE Deeper than the SEA

READING TIME: 43 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

LIEUTENANT JOEL TIERNAN, newly appointed gunnery officer of the U. S. Destroyer Spearman, joins his ship in Manila. At a restaurant kept by Brother Cheng, a Chinese philosopher, he meets and falls in love with a girl whom he knows only as "Aithra." Later he finds that she is Aithra Leidig, wife of Lieutenant Commander Leidig, in command of the Spearman.

Joel meets the other officers of his ship. They are Lieutenant James Horus, executive officer, Lieutenant Chenoweth, first lieutenant, Dennis Karnell, torpedo officer, Lieutenant Dorne, and Ensign Starling.

Joel Tiernan senses that there is something wrong on the Spearman, which has had a bad name in the fleet. The destroyer is not a "taut ship"; discipline has relaxed; Joel gets the feeling that leadership is lacking. He blames Leidig for the failure. He finds that Leidig has been carrying on an affair with a Mrs. Gorce, widow of a former officer.

Aithra and Joel meet at intervals. The girl confesses that she loves him, but insists that she must stay with Leidig; that he needs her more than Joel does. She discloses the fact that Leidig is suffering from some moral and mental trouble that has sapped his self-control. Joel knows now why the Spearman has earned a bad name in the fleet.

Joel takes up his task of improving the gunnery of the Spearman. After some weeks the destroyer division is ordered out for target practice. The newly trained gun crews of the Spearman make a notable record. Leidig is jubilant and gives Joel Tiernan full credit for his accomplishment. Joel feels that the day has been a triumph for him rather than for Leidig and looks forward to seeing Aithra that night.

PART FOUR—THE TYPHOON

I DID not see Aithra that evening. Leidig's party was put off two days by receipt of sailing orders for China. The division was to proceed direct to Shanghai. This news broke over us like an unexpected storm. I had not read a newspaper for days. Dennis found me rummaging through the magazine rack in the wardroom, and chuckled.

"Horus grabbed the papers. At ease. No war. The Japs have started to annex Jehol to Manchukuo. I think Washington is afraid the Chinks around Shanghai will start another boycott."

"You were out there last February?"

"Yes. Saw the whole show."

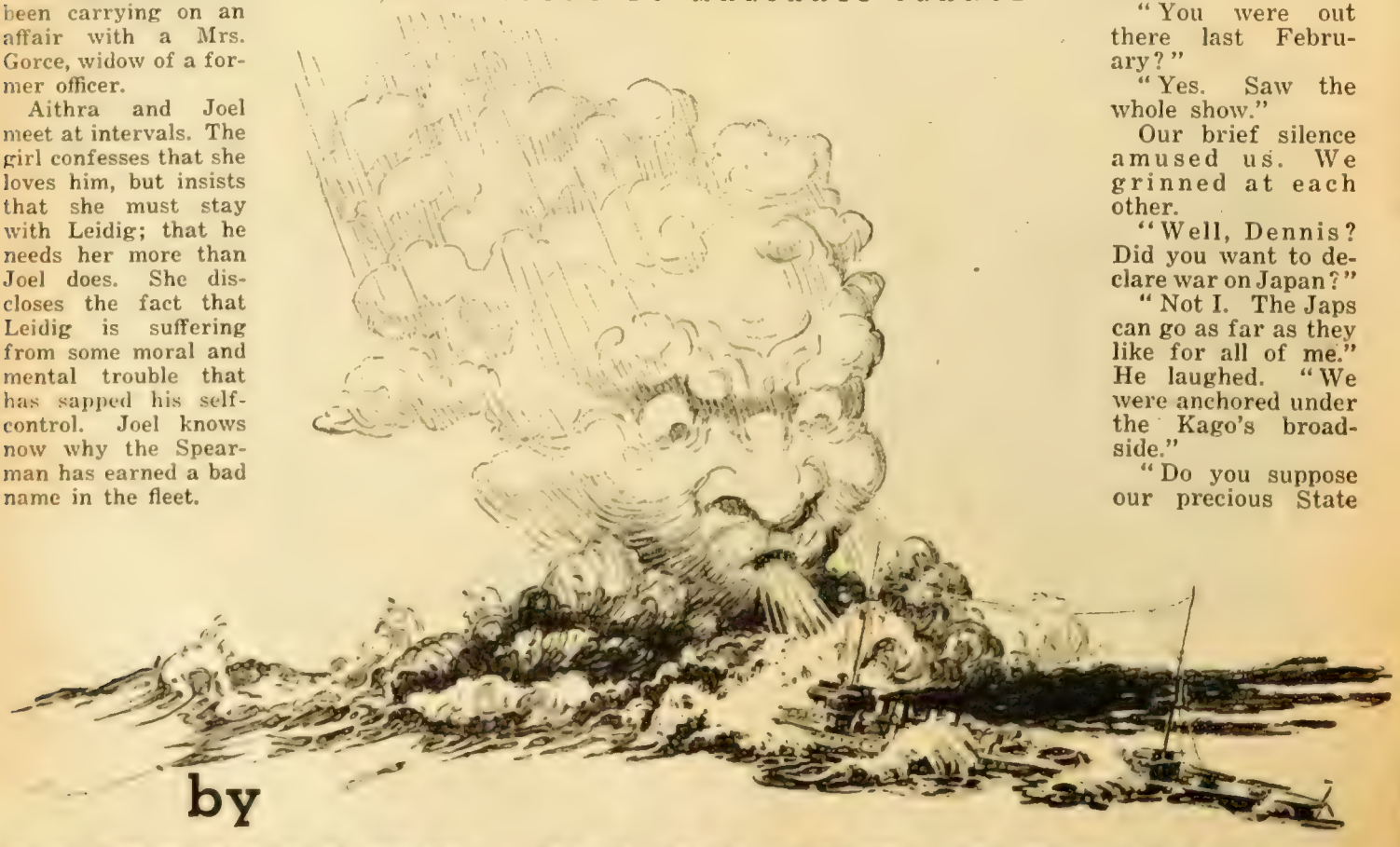
Our brief silence amused us. We grinned at each other.

"Well, Dennis? Did you want to declare war on Japan?"

"Not I. The Japs can go as far as they like for all of me." He laughed. "We were anchored under the Kago's broadside."

"Do you suppose our precious State

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



by

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Y E R

Another wave struck us on the starboard bow. The ship yawed and fell. Green water struck the bridge. Donohue was hurled against me and we both went down.

It was Tick Kong. He handed me a small packet, bowed, and departed.

Department will cook up a war one of these days?"

Dennis shrugged.

"Not until they've scrapped some more battleships. We want to do the sporting thing, you know." He changed the subject abruptly. "I had dinner with Brother Cheng last night. He's worried about you."

"Worried about me?"

"Yes."

"I'm—er—flattered."

"All right, don't tell me. Cheng wouldn't."

"There's really nothing—"

"I've got to see Jorgenson. There's an article on current international politics in that Harper's, if you're interested."

War talk, even in jest, had always troubled me. Child of a naval family, I had been schooled to think of war as a disease, a pandemic plague which infected nations. It was a civilian affliction, spread by traders and politicians. Sailors and soldiers stood by in peacetime like surgeons hoping, if they were true to the ideals of their profession, that milder remedies might effect a cure. Only as a last desperate expediency were they to be called upon to use the sword. My grandfather had been a naval lieutenant in the Civil War and my father commanded a battleship during the World War. I remember my father's face, suddenly old and grave, the morning he came to tell mother and me goodby. Mother wept, and I, a boy of eleven, said, "Blow those Germans out of the water, dad!" I could not understand my father's gruff "You ask God to forgive you for that tonight, son." He went to his ship as a surgeon would go to an operating room when a patient lies near death.

I LEARNED our family tradition in grim earnest—later. My mother's health failed under the strain of war work and anxiety, and my father forfeited his right to an admiral's flag by retiring after the Armistice so he could be with her every day. She hated war, as any honest woman must, and she had a passionate irony in speaking of flags and bugles. "If you are sent to fight for them, Joel," she said, "go in mourning for their stupid crime." She died when I was a plebe at the Academy. For me "the grand, wild music of war" had a different sound. I became an officer as a doctor or clergyman follows his father and his father's father. This country of mine, this man multiplied in a fair land, would fall sick of the great illness again. A debauch of greed and pomp and power would bring some enemy to its shores. I could not see my country die. . . .

"Lieutenant Tiernan, sir. Ammunition boat!"

"Tell McDermott I'll be right up."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Leidig was topside with Horus, inspecting gear. He looked as though convalescent from a long illness; his eyes were clearing and there was a flush of wholesome color in his cheeks. Standing among a swarm of sailors who were readying ship for sea, he seemed to have regained command, if not leadership. He faced me as I approached and I saw he meant to ignore all that had passed between us.

"Hello, Joel! Sailing orders! Great, isn't it?" He filled his lungs with salt air, expelled it, and laughed.

"I'm more than anxious to shove off, sir," I said.

"Me too, young feller. There's something so damnation dirty about every port." He looked at the white

buildings and palm trees off our stern. "We need a thousand miles of sea water to wash us clean again."

I walked aft to give the gangway watch instructions as to visitors. I knew from sad experience that our last two days in Manila would provide much grimy drama. As officer of the deck it would be my duty to act as buffer between irate civilians and the ship's people.

The hours went by like this: "Now, Dobine, this man says you owe him seventeen dollars and eighty cents." "The guitar ain't no good, sir. It's got a sour F string. And the ring ain't eighteen carat like he said." "Vait. I vill see the guffner. You navies—yah! I vill see the guffner." "Pay him what you owe him, Dobine, or return the goods. Next case! . . . You say Boehmer promised to marry your daughter? One moment—who speaks Portuguese? Boehmer, are you responsible for the girl's condition?" "No, *sir!* They was seven or eight of us goin' wit' her." "Chief Brinkman, I think you'd better take them all down to the captain. Next case! . . . Good morning, padre. What can I do for you? Why, yes, Felipe is one of the mess attendants. What's he been up to? . . . Get Felipe! . . . Is this the man? Felipe, the padre says you collected on the wrong ticket in the mission raffle." "Nossar, nossar, nossar! I have numbah tloo, foh, sees, tloo." "Here's the ticket. The last number has been changed. This is a serious crime. Chief Brinkman, take him and the padre to Captain Leidig." "Nossar, peelease, nossar! I pay it back. I pay it back."

"Next case!"

EARLY in the afternoon Chenoweth burst in the wardroom where I was hurrying through luncheon.

"Joel! I've got to have a boat at once!"

"The boat's ashore—"

"I'll have to ask Leidig for the gig—"

"What's the hurry? The boat will be back in half an hour."

"I can't wait. Is Leidig in the cabin?"

"No. He's inspecting bottom plates with Horus."

His chest heaving, Chenoweth dashed out. A few minutes later he and Leidig appeared together. He followed Leidig into the cabin. I heard loud talking, Chenoweth's voice at an excited pitch and Leidig trying to calm him.

I finished my meal hurriedly and went topside.

Dennis came over to me.

"A hospital orderly came aboard with a message for Chenoweth. I told Brinkman not to bother you."

"Hospital? Golly, is Mort a father?"

"Not this time. One of his girls took poison."

"Laura?"

"I didn't catch the name."

Some time after that Chenoweth sent for me. I found him sitting,

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. . . Because It Quickly Brings Them Natural Sleep . . . Entirely Without Drugs

Now There Is A Way To Get Your 8 Hours Of Sound, Refreshing Sleep At Night . . . A Way That Acts To Replenish And Restore Your "Vital Surplus" While You Rest

HERE'S a way to get your 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs. A way to fall asleep quickly and awaken far more rested mornings—teeming with new energy and vitality.

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It is a delicious food-drink, originally created in Switzerland and now made over here. Called Ovaltine and known as "the world's nightcap," it is taken religiously by men and women in 54 different countries today.

It contains no drugs—is not a medicine in any sense of the word. But is composed of elements processed wholly from *natural* foods.

You simply take it mixed with warm milk a few minutes before you go to bed. Then fall asleep as effortlessly as a child. And sleep all night more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

Now—say goodbye to sleepless nights! The delicious food-drink here described not only brings you sound sleep quickly—but multiplies your energy and "staying power" next day.

New Energy Tomorrow

In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed — alive, alert, and "on your toes." Brimming with youthful pep to carry you through the day.

For this unique food-drink not only brings sound sleep quickly, but actually improves the *quality* of sleep. And acts to replenish body, brain, and nerve cells *while* you sleep.

So remarkable are the results achieved by Ovaltine that, during the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. While more than 20,000 doctors approve and use it for the health benefits it fosters.

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Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. *Try it and see for yourself.*

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. And see how quickly you fall asleep!

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So don't put up with sleepless nights any longer. Phone for a tin of Ovaltine now. You'll be glad you did! *1048-R*

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Smooth it out with soothing Absorbine Jr.

● Pain is like a knot in muscles—an angry knot of congestion that can be quickly smoothed away with easing, relieving Absorbine Jr.

As you rub this gratifying liniment into those throbbing parts you can tell by the way it stimulates that it is getting results.

And as you continue to massage the muscles, a wonderful soothing balm seems to penetrate to the very pit of the trouble.

The muscles lose their tautness. They loosen up, become soft and supple again—as warmth steals in and pain steals OUT!

That's why for 40 years Absorbine Jr. has been the favorite of coaches, athletes and trainers. If you haven't a bottle on your bathroom shelf, go to your druggist for one. Keep it handy for sore, aching muscles, bruises, strains and sprains, and all other muscular ailments. It's also a wonderful antiseptic for cuts and burns. Price, $1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, abrasions, sprains, sleeplessness, "Athlete's Foot."

tousle-haired and tragic, on his bunk.

"Leidig won't let me go to her!" he announced.

"Go to her?"

"It's Laura. She's tried to kill herself. I'm ruined! I'm shot to pieces. Think of it—the poor kid lying in that hospital, and he won't let me go to her!"

He gave me a wild Byronic stare.

"Is it critical?"

"I don't know. The dumb orderly said they pumped her out, but he didn't know anything. She's asking for me. By God, I won't stand for it! I'll take the dinghy. I'll row ashore!"

"You can't do that, if Leidig told you not to."

"He's heartless." A bitter smile. "Ha! I thought he was my pal. He can't keep me here. I'm ruined anyway. Let him break me. Can I have the dinghy?"

It was really, he inferred, one of the world's greatest love tragedies. Laura had inspired him. He had loved her madly, poetically. He had loved her too much. For he discovered, after weeks of devotion, that she was too good, too fine for him. He told her—and, God, how it hurt him!—that for her sake they should part. Of course she misunderstood. They always did. She thought it was because he had fallen in love with Alice. She had said cruel nasty things about Alice. Her best friend, mind you.

"But I never dreamed," he added, "that she would do anything like this. We saw each other last night. I met Alice by accident at an ice-cream parlor on the Escolta. Laura came in, and of course we invited her to join us. It was just like old times. Laura didn't for an instant let on that she was even sore. And now she goes and does this! Think of it, Joel—and after I had broken off for her sake. Her happiness was all I thought of—"

"Of course, Mort," I said.

HE had a plan. Some one must go to her. Leidig had forbidden him to go. Wouldn't good old Joel drop in at the hospital that evening?

"I'd do it, Mort," I said, "but I have a dinner date."

"You'd only have to be there a second. Just long enough to leave her some flowers and a box of candy."

"You can send them by Starling. I have to drive to Pasay and I won't have a minute to spare."

"I thought of Hal. He'd go gladly, but the poor guy's broke and he couldn't—"

I lent him ten dollars. He thanked me emotionally and became almost cheerful as we parted.

My day's duty was not yet done.

As I was sending the liberty boat away at four thirty, I noticed that Leidig's gig still rode at its boom. Dorne scurried from the officers' hatch with a handful of letters and postal cards. I called the boat back and put them aboard.

"Thank you, sir," Dorne said. "If any one wants me in the next hour, I'll be in Captain Leidig's room." His pockets were stuffed with engineering reports.

"The skipper's putting in a long day," I remarked.

"Yes. He's having dinner with us. Sure am glad to see him feeling himself again."

Later an order came up from Horus to secure the gig for the night.

Leidig had not slept in the ship since I joined her. Was this return to confidence and command, this eagerness to go to sea, a genuine shift to the upgrade in his character? And how would that change his relations with Aithra?

"Launch approaching, sir!"

I WALKED to the starboard rail. A dirty little boat with a patched awning and a gasping motor swung alongside our ladder. The single passenger was a woman. She got out as a matter of course and climbed to the gangway.

"I've come to see Captain Leidig," she said.

Mrs. Gorce.

She saw me and amended her greeting to "How do you do, Mr. Tiernan? Where will I find Jack?"

"I'll—I'll see if he's aboard," I stammered.

"I'm quite sure he's aboard. His absentee pennant isn't flying."

"Come this way. It's cooler under the awning."

Nodding, she trod gingerly forward.

I went below and knocked on Leidig's door. He and Dorne were seated at the desk as I entered.

"Yes, Joel?"

"A Mrs. Gorce to see you, sir."

"You'll excuse us, Dorne? Thanks." Then, after Dorne had left and closed the door, "I can't see her. She had no business coming here. Get rid of her, will you?"

"I'll try, sir. It might be difficult—"

"I can't see her!" His face tightened into quivering furrows. The old harried expression came back.

I turned reluctantly toward the door.

"Joel. I—owe you an explanation. It's—an—old love affair. Quite done with now. She promised me she'd go back to the States. I've been generous—I think. There is nothing more she could ask of me that I could grant. I want to avoid—a scene. It's rather cowardly of me—I know. But if there were any trouble it might get back to my wife. I—I couldn't stand that." Then, in an outburst, "I'd murder to prevent that! Get rid of her. I can't see her. I won't see her!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

I dragged my feet up the ladder to the well deck.

Mrs. Gorce sat by the starboard rail. The jarring dissonance of gray steel with her soft pagan femininity made me think, for some reason, of a woman riding a tumbrel to the block.

"I'm sorry. He refuses to see you."

"Oh—he does?"

"Yes," I said as gently as I could.

She stood up, the offshore breeze whipping her light skirts between her legs.

"Poor Jack. He thinks he wants this." She looked around her. "I never saw anything to these destroyers. A battleship gives you a little comfort. But these things!" She smiled at me in friendly, mannish fashion. "Don't you all get seasick in rough weather?"

"Usually, yes."

"It doesn't look very strong, either. I should think a big gun would sink it with one shot."

"It might. We have to trust to speed to stay out of the way of big guns."

Her bold eyes were distant, aloof. All this was part of men creatures' childish incomprehensibility.

"Well—I'll have to leave the money with you, then."

She opened her hand bag, her fingers calm and neat, and lifted out a packet of pink notes. I had nothing to say.

"Jack bought me a first-class ticket on the President Cleveland to San Francisco. I turned it in, less five per cent. That came to two hundred and eighty-nine dollars. There's three hundred more he gave me for expenses, making five hundred and eighty-nine in all. My insurance check came, so I won't need any of it. Explain that to Jack, will you?"

"Yes; but—"

"He'll get over this spell. He never looks ahead. It would cost much more for me to go to San Francisco and then come all the way back to Shanghai. Jack can't stand China duty unless I'm there. He'd be cabling me inside of a week."

"You're going to Shanghai?"

MRS. GORCE nodded. "Do something, will you?" She fished in the bag and handed me a small bottle of pills. "When Jack cools off and he's been at sea a few days, give him these. They're the only thing that helps his indigestion."

"All right."

She smiled.

"You're an awfully nice boy. Won't you come to see us in Shanghai?"

"Thank you—uh—I'd like to."

"Good-by, Mr. Tiernan."

"Good-by."

"I do hope you'll have a good voyage."

"Thank you."

I saw her to the gangway ladder. She stepped down as if descending a precipice and primly careful of her skirts. A wave of her hand. The launch went wheezing off. I watched her white figure until the launch disappeared behind a tramp freighter.

The incident aroused all my slumbering rebellions. Leidig was acting contemptibly. Mrs. Gorce was his woman. She was as good as he deserved, and better. She understood him more accurately than any of us. Why must Aithra and I help him to repudiate her? Why had I worked so hard for a successful firing, only to see Leidig take most of the credit? I reached for a cigarette, remembered I had just finished one, scowled, and lighted another. I also remembered that, in the let-down after battle practice, I had allowed my petty habits to master me again. I could swear off and nerve myself for a sharp struggle, but I did not seem to have the will power to be moderate, to apply a constant, steady pressure on the reins. Now I was swept away in a flood of yea sayings. By God, I wouldn't stick to this lofty nobility.

I'd see Aithra tomorrow night and tell her the whole story! I'd ridicule her unearthly faith in Leidig.

I went below to my room and wrote Leidig a note:

Captain Leidig:

Mrs. Gorce handed me the inclosed money to be returned to you, also this bottle of stomach pills.

TIERNAN.

THE next afternoon I went to say farewell to Brother Cheng.

Tick Kong said I would find him in the garden. It was a tiny place, surrounded by vine-grown walls. I saw Brother Cheng reading a book in the shade of a boxwood tree. Tame parrakeets were mining for jewels with their wings under a lode of sunshine, and a huge old turtle moseyed along the walk. I approached Brother Cheng respectfully. He looked up from his book and smiled as I approached.

"My friend."

"Good afternoon, Brother Cheng. We sail tomorrow for Shanghai and I didn't want to go without thanking you for your—uh—help."

He motioned me to a seat on the grass.

"Some tea? Some wine?"

"Thanks, no. I haven't much time. There's a party on at the A.-N. Club tonight and I must go back to the ship and dress."

"I have had you on my mind a good deal."

"Yes—uh—that's what Dennis told me. I'm flattered. You shouldn't bother. I'm not worth it."

Brother Cheng smiled.

"You have not seen China?"

"No. I'm very keen to."

"I have good friends there. I have given Dennis their names. They are to be your friends also."

"Thank you, but I—"

"Miss Aithra honored me with her company at dinner last evening."

"Oh—she did?"

"You have made her very unhappy."

"Unhappy? Why—I thought she'd be glad. Leidig has taken a brace since the firing and—"

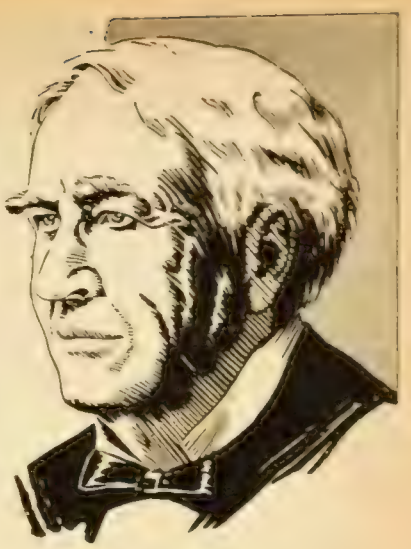
"But you are stronger also."

"No; I'm weaker. Why should my being stronger—if that were so—make Aithra unhappy?"

"Her heart is divided. She loves Captain Leidig's weakness and your strength."

I laughed bitterly.

"My strength!" I looked down



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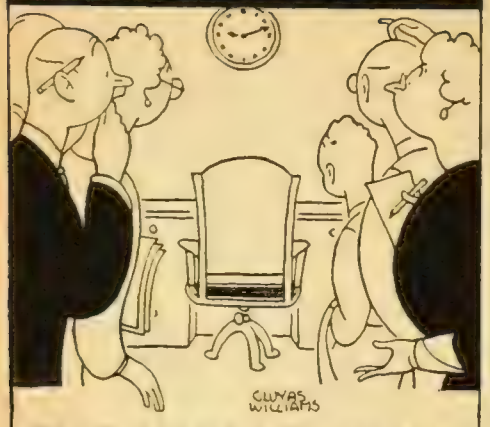

THE VACANT CHAIR

Where is meticulous Mr. Thackelberry who always enters his office precisely at one minute to nine?

SOLUTION: Mr. Thackelberry decided that the 7:55 was well worth missing for a third helping of Log Cabin Syrup and waffles. Men go for Log Cabin with its rich, North Woods flavor. A blend of Vermont maple, Canadian maple, and pure cane sugars. Sealed in the unique Log Cabin tin, so popular with children. A product of General Foods.

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and caught my hand sneaking toward my cigarette case. "See that? I make that motion forty times a day. I swore off for a week, and suffered tortures." I described other joustings with my habits.

Brother Cheng tossed some crumbs from a Ming dish by his side to sparrows waiting near our feet.

"You are stronger," he repeated. "A half victory is better than triumph and redeems a hundred small defeats."

"Half victory? I haven't even accomplished that."

"You will fight again. That is enough. That is it."

"No. I'm licked, Brother Cheng." Then, determined to break loose from the fetters, "I've had enough torment. I have met Mrs. Gorce, and I like her. She should be Leidig's wife. I'm going to tell Aithra all about it. If Aithra persists in her foolish self-sacrifice I'm going to bow out of her life. When we get to China I shall apply for transfer to some other ship. I'm not made for sainthood. I'm an ordinary fellow."

I fumbled for the present I had brought him—a first edition in French of Rostand's Cyrano.

"Thank you anyway," I said. "I've been a poor student but an appreciative one. I hope you will accept this small gift—"

"My son, forgive me for meddling." Brother Cheng's deep voice was like the sound of a distant cathedral bell. "I have the long shadow behind me. What lessons I have learned of life are old wines, and dry. They have cost me much and I do not have the genius to put their bouquet into a book or a poem. That is why I have turned to young hearts. It has seemed to me that these essences distilled of a poison tree and a thorny rose might be sweet again in youth's cup.

"Dennis—yes. He will lift a chalice to me as I look back in my last twilight. This girl Aithra—I am not so sure. A spark from the Great One's steel has fallen into her heart. She has a thirst; I would be happy to know that some draft from my little store might smile in her glass. A ruby drop or two—I should like to close my eyes with that color in them. And you, my son? Ah, you are such a gamble! Forgive me; I could not resist it. You wish to drink deep, and I would snatch away the flagon. Your breath is hot, and my wine is cool. Your feet are stumbling, and the journey is so long. Why should I risk my wine when there is only one sip left and tomorrow I may be gone?"

I GOT to my feet.

Brother Cheng arose and gently took the book from me and bowed. "I say to you, 'Love patiently. Help her husband. Beware of his cancer. Make yourself strong. Heed the whispering children.' That is all my wisdom. Good-by, and a safe journey." . . .

I stood in the dining room of the Army-Navy Club, behind the elegant escutcheon of a dress-shirt front. My white mess jacket and brass buttons were, I felt, quite doggy.

The dancing had started. A full threescore of my brothers, ennobled in the same transfiguration, held girls and women in their arms.

We sail tomorrow! That was the party's vi ifying strain. I saw Chenoweth dance by with Alice Brandt. He looked like the youthful Galahad. No thoughts of the absent Laura, recuperating in a hospital bed.

YOUNG Starling passed, his dance step a gangling shuffle, his partner a big-eyed infant.

I was surprised to see Horus and Dorne on the dance floor. Horus was pushing some officer's wife three steps forward, one step right, turn, three steps forward. He looked solemnly complacent. Dorne had as his partner a stout maiden lady whose dress was like unto seed-catalogue pages pasted together.

I missed Dennis and remembered that he had volunteered to take Chenoweth's duty in the ship.

"Make Mort take his own duty," I said. "A bit of color and music would do you good."

"Thanks, but I'm glad to escape it. I want you to carry a note to Mrs. Leidig."

"All right, but I think you should go. Mary wouldn't want you to make a hermit of yourself—"

"I know. But I couldn't stick a dance."

A note to Mrs. Leidig! I felt for it in my pocket. How much longer could we keep our secret—Aithra and I?

Then I saw her. She was dancing with a handsome blond officer I did not know. She wore an apple-green dress. It looked like surf from Rieni's Cove. Her hair shone like buffed ebony. Suddenly the room faded, the music softened; she and I were all—

"I beg your pardon, but may I cut in?"

"Joel!"

I had her in my arms.

"I've been looking for you."

"And I for you. How much is left of this one?"

"It just started."

"I want all the rest."

"We can't, Joel."

"I love you."

"Don't say that. N-not tonight."

"I love you—I love you! Let's clear out of here."

"We mustn't. I'm hostess."

"I can't dance any more."

I released her and we looked at each other. She was afraid.

"I've got to go back."

"No. Give me one minute—outside."

"Yes."

We moved down the stairs side by side. People passed us and spoke. I paid no attention. Aithra answered them. Ignoring her breathless "S-stay near people, Joel," I led the way unerringly to a deserted place near the tennis courts.

"When will I see you in Shanghai?"

"I sail the fourteenth."

"A whole month?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no! I couldn't—"

"Joel, please—"

I put my arms around her quickly and kissed her mouth. For a blessed instant her lips replied. Then she pushed me away.

"What have we done?"

"You love me!"

She was silent. She raised her hand to her lips in a gesture of horror. She looked at the moonlit ground as if we had murdered some one and the corpse lay there.

"Aithra! Dear—"

"No. I've hurt Jack. I've hurt him! I didn't mean to. I meant to dance with you and thank you for helping him, and—" She turned on me angrily. "You knew! You knew I'd let you. You knew I wanted you to do it."

"Jack! Even now."

"Yes. Even now."

I shook my head.

"That kiss has been in our hearts since the first of everything. We can't lie about it, Aithra."

"I'm married."

"Yes."

"I—I can't tell him, Joel."

"I'll tell him. Tonight."

"No."

"Why not? It's the truth."

"He needs me. He loves me. It would—he'd—bleed to death."

I turned away. I wanted to slay Leidig with vicious steely words: "He's got a woman. She's waiting. He'll go to her in Shanghai. You are only a vision."

I did not say them.

"Joel—we aren't lost." Her hand gripped mine. "See? We are standing together. I love you, Joel. But only—when you are strong. When Jack is really himself again—I shall tell him. I will have given him all I can. Perhaps this cruise to China will—"

I was confident now. I shut my mind against compromise. Black was black and white was white.

"We'll wait, Aithra," I said. "We'll play the game out—clean and straight."

She lifted my hand and brushed her cheek across it, and said, "I do love you for that, Joel."

WE walked back to the clubhouse in silence. As we approached the entrance to the lobby, a Chinese who had been standing in the darkness outside said, "Lieutenant Tiernan, peelease—" It was Tick Kong. He handed me a small packet, bowed, and departed.

"Open it," Aithra said.

I tore off the wrappings. It was a tiny pendant, a talisman exquisitely wrought in jade and platinum.

"I have one just like it, Joel. Let me see the inscription. Yes—the same characters."

"What do they mean?"

Her eyes smiled into mine.

"Brother Cheng told me. It reads, 'Only tomorrow is ours; and that only through the white fire.' And it is so, Joel!"

I nodded. We went back to the dance.

Leidig met us at the door.

"Aithra! Where in thunder have you been? This was my dance." Then, "Oh, hullo, Joel. I was going to make it hot for the scamp who stole my wife; but seeing it's you, I'll let you off with a warning!"

"Thank you, sir," I said.

Laughing, he whirled her away. He was accursedly handsome in a mess jacket, I thought. I turned to go back to the ship. We sailed tomorrow.

OUR first day at sea washed the surface grime from us. The ship's water line was freed of harbor filth; her deck returned to cleanliness and order; the oil, the soot, the dust vanished as if swept away in the wind. Twenty miles out of Manila the air itself changed. We lost the smell of land.

I was assigned the first watch, from eight o'clock to midnight.

Dillinger, the quartermaster, was looking over Leidig's night-order book.

"All departments reported, sir. We change course at 2345, sir. Mr. Horus is to be called for signals."

"Very good, Dillinger. How do you figure the weather?"

"Well, sir, the glass is falling and Manila reports a low-pressure area off Hainan Island. But I look for fair weather tomorrow regardless, sir."

"How's that?"

"My bunion, sir. It ain't never been wrong."

"Nary twinge, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Good!"

I nodded and stepped aft on the bridge to the signal station.

Night watch in a ship! I wanted Aithra beside me. I felt I might be eloquent just now.

"It must be a girl, Joel."

I turned with a start. Dennis, his head bare and his uniform coat unbuttoned, smiled in the gloom.

"Oh—hullo. Where have you been?"

"Room. Writing."

"Mary?"

"Yes. Got a letter from her mother. She's worse. Bad heart. I'm—thinking of resigning."

"She doesn't want you to do that."

"No. She wants me to find another girl and marry her."

We watched the side drift gurgle by. A freshening wind began a faint song in the rigging overhead.

"Leidig's a queer mixture," Dennis said.

"He seemed a new man today."

"I wonder if he is—really."

"If he is we'll have a ship."

Dennis sighed.

"I'm going to tell you something. Leidig has a woman."

"I know."

"Oh—you met her?"

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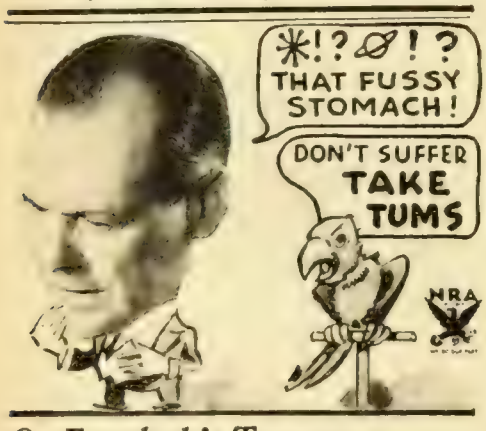

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"Yes. Uh—she came aboard the day before we sailed. Mrs. Gorce."

Another silence.

Then, "That's the answer, Joel. That's it."

I was determined to be optimistic.

"It's an old affair. It's all over. He's broken with her." I described what had happened on the ship that afternoon.

Dennis shook his head.

"A man *can* change, Dennis."

"Oh, I'm for him. More than ever. I hope he wins. For his wife's sake. For the ship. He's trying to wipe it off. You noticed that? It can be done, but—"

"He'll do it," I said hotly. "He's got to do it! We've got to stand by him and help him."

A bosun's whistle piped a long solemn note.

"Re-lieve the wheel and lookout!"

I was glad to escape to my duty. Dennis suspected me and I feared his insight.

Chenoweth relieved me, and lying in my bunk I heard the two-o'clock relief of wheel and lookouts. Then I fell into a restless sleep.

"All hands! All hands!"

I tumbled out, thinking I had dreamed. I peered through the open port. The sun was shining on a flat calm sea. The air was sultry with a white steamy haze to eastward. I started back to my bunk. I was nearly dressed when Arturo knocked on the door.

"All hands, sar. Tlyphoon!"

"Typhoon?"

"Yas, sar. He come fast. You go blidge, Mistar Horus say."

Leidig, Horus, Dorne, and Starling were clustered around the chart table.

Leidig looked up, said, "Morning, Joel. Had breakfast?" His voice rang with a peculiar clarity.

"No, sir," I said. Horus reclaimed his attention before he could give me instructions.

HE leaned over the chart again, and above his shoulder I looked out at the sea. The Willoughby had lengthened interval to two thousand yards to avoid a possible collision with us in the storm. The Bradshaw, four thousand yards away, appeared no larger than a small yacht; and the Tradgett, six thousand yards distant, was a gray toy in a golden haze. Our sister ships were leaving us; we must fight alone.

A messenger arrived from the radio shack. He handed a flimsy sheet to Leidig. Horus raised his head.

"Freighter Bombay Princess reports from twenty-five and thirty north, one twenty and fifteen east. Bow stove in. Lost a man. Putting in to Chusan Island to anchor."

Another messenger came in.

"Manila broadcasting typhoon warnings as far north as Fusan Straits."

Horus grunted. "That puts us square in the track."

Leidig flipped the messages to the chart table. "About an hour, Jim."

I glanced over my shoulder to the southeast. We were making twenty-five knots. Rocky heights of storm clouds covered a sweep of the horizon. And Leidig was in command—Leidig, who had broken in the little crisis of a one-eight turn at maneuvers.

"Joel!"

"Yes, sir."

"Grab some breakfast. Check with McDermott and Brinkman on all lashings topside. Karnell is making fast below. I want you both to stand by up here when she strikes."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Light was dimming as I hurried below to the wardroom. Bluejackets swarmed in beehive activity. I was too excited to eat much. I gulped a cup of coffee and gnawed at a roll which Felipe, in his fright, had allowed to burn in the warming oven. I went topside in boots, raincoat, and sou'wester.

WITH Brinkman and McDermott, I inspected boats and rafts, chain lockers and tackle.

Felipe trotted up to me on the forecastle, waving two towels. He shoved them at me, saying, "For thlow-up, sar." McDermott said, "They're handier than a bucket, sir." I stuffed them into my pocket.

Raindrops spattered on the deck.

"Here she comes!"

I ran to the bridge ladder and scrambled up. Our engines slowed and we started on a wide turn.

"She'll be a good 'un."

I saw Horus, Leidig, Dennis intent on watching something. I moved to the window, and halted in awe.

Across two miles of innocent ruffled water the typhoon was charging at us. A wide angry surf had erupted from the middle of the sea. Spread like a wall from one side of our world to the other, it had a horrible and incredible height. It came upon us in serpentine leaps through the steaming primordial twilight. We could see the humping of its back, a series of green sinuous ridges, each more powerful than the first, and stretching beyond sight into some hellish lair of the winds. Its face was terrible to see, white with rage and slavered with foam.

Suddenly we felt its breath—a belching blast of cold air. Our ship faltered. Then, with a defiant snarl of her engines, she turned her sharp prow to meet the sea. Lightning darted at us like a monster fang. Thunder rolled above the roar of wind and wave. A deluge of rain struck our steel deck with the ring of a gigantic hammer blow.

Leidig was standing behind the helmsman, eager, impatient.

"I'll take the wheel!"

He shouldered Donohue out of the way. His hands closed about the rim of the wheel. I saw him brace himself and peer blindly through a solid sheet of water.

"All engines. Two thirds ahead."

"All engines. Two thirds ahead, sir," Horus repeated.

The first wave hit us. Crash! M

stiffened legs were driven into my body. The deck heaved as though we had run full tilt into a mountain. I saw our bow thrust through the white crest. Down! Down, like the dropping of a runaway elevator. Clang! I had thought myself prepared, but I was not. I fell heavily against a window sill. A hand reached to help me up just as the deck rose again. I looked around. It was Dennis. He was deathly sick.

"Clear the window!"

Donohue started across to wipe mist from the inner side of the glass. Another wave struck us on the starboard bow. The ship yawed and fell. Green water struck the bridge. Donohue was hurled against me and we both went down. Dennis was on the job as we scrambled up.

The full fury of the storm enveloped us. I caught a last glimpse of the Willoughby as she soared to the top of a distant wave and dropped into a gray swirling chasm. The other ships had already vanished. We were alone. Not a man of us could speak as the typhoon pounded us like an infuriated boxer whose strength we had underestimated. We hung on. Twice Leidig gasped as he swung rudder to bring our bow into the wind.

I turned sidewise, braced in the port wing of the bridge. My stomach was churning and I felt weak. None of us but Leidig looked at the storm now. He had found the timing of the waves. By adroit quick changes of speed on port and starboard engines, and by masterly use of the rudder, Leidig was avoiding the heaviest blows. I watched him, fascinated. He seemed to have gained height and breadth. He stood there at the wheel, legs apart, arms rigid, his hair and face wet with spray, his eyes afire with combat.

The sky lightened after an hour or so, and the rain thinned. Horus yelled, "I can take it now, sir?" Leidig shook his head. He asked for a report from engine rooms and deck force.

We slogged along for another hour against wind and sea, turning enough power to make fifteen knots, yet steadily drifting to stern. Radio reports came in from our sister ships, scattered miles from us in the storm. They had suffered heavily. Our radioman picked up a Reuter's dispatch from Manila, describing the typhoon as the worst in years.

WE had come through almost unscathed. Leidig relaxed far enough to yell at Dennis and me: "Go below and eat some lunch! You'll feel better." Dennis was wabbling on his pins, but he said he couldn't eat anything and would get along better on the bridge. I didn't want to admit seasickness. I was trying to talk Dennis into going while I stayed, when the typhoon made another charge at us.

Leidig met this second phase with cool confidence. I knew his arms and back must be aching from the long tussle. The sea would advance in long yellow rollers of moderate height. Then, with an abrupt outburst, tall piled-up hills of water would tumble down on us, burying our forecastle and causing propellers to scream as our stern lifted. Starling called Horus from the port engine-room, warning that the stern plates were pounding dangerously.

Leidig's answer was a dexterous change in tactics. He increased speed and began edging off to starboard, awaiting his chance to put about so as to bring wind and sea on our port quarter. I was watching this maneuver, thrilled by his nerve and skill, when suddenly he saw something.

"Stop starb'd engine! Port engine full speed ahead!"

Horus repeated, his voice faltering. A tremendous wave was bearing down on us. Leidig swung right rudder.

"Stop engines!"

"S-stop engines, sir."

I thought he had gone mad. So did Dennis. The ship dropped into a trough, broached to and defenseless. That wave sprang at us with killing force. Boom! Over we went in a long, sickening, heart-stopping roll to starboard. I slid across the bridge and brought up against the chart table. I thought we were done for. Then—slowly—we started back.

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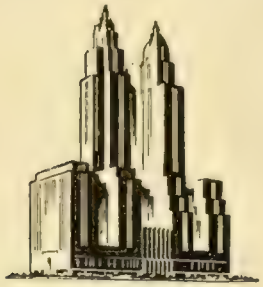

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Crash! A stunning blow on our port side sent us over again. There was the sound of tearing and splintering. We started back again.

"Port engine full speed ahead!"

"Port engine full speed ahead, sir."

"Starb'd engine one third astern."

"Starb'd engine one third astern."

"Stop starb'd engine. All engines two thirds ahead!"

I heard no more for several minutes. I was using my towel under the chart table. Leidig's voice rang out:

"Mr. Karnell! That wreckage must have struck the deck house. Give a hand there!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

Dennis, his face the color of a putrescent corpse, moved toward me. He was in no shape to make the trip from bridge to deck house. I scrambled to my feet.

"Dennis—hold on. I'll go, sir!"

"Oh—I thought you were out." Leidig flung the words over his shoulder. "Both of you go."

Were he sending us to certain death, we would have gone. His voice had a trumpet sound we could not mistake. He was our leader. . . .

I followed Dennis down the bridge ladder. The wind drove rain under my coat and into the tops of my boots. The ship was pitching and rolling with such force that I nearly lost my hold. I missed a step and slid, cracking my right shin against the sharp edge of a step. We were climbing out of a trough with the storm almost squarely behind us. A following wave broke over the deck house amidships and poured water into the well deck. It swirled toward Dennis knee-deep and I saw him grab a life line as his legs went out from under him. I floundered to him and helped him up. We moved aft toward the forward stack and the deck house beyond. Another deluge of water poured down on us, our bow rose sharply, and we plunged for the life line again. Dennis missed it and was thrown against the stack. I grabbed him by the coat. Too weak to move, we sat there and vomited.

CHIEF BRINKMAN and two sailors dragged us into the deck-house passage. There we found about ten men trying to dislodge a heavy spar which had been driven through the side sheathing and full across the passageway on the port side. The galley was a wreck. Water sloshed six inches deep underfoot and every wave that caught us with our stern down deposited heavy spray in the gaping hole made by the spar.

"We got off lucky," Brinkman explained. "If we'd hit it head on we would have stove in the bow or ruined our props. The cap'n sure took a long chance, though. I thought she was done for, sir."

The situation was still ticklish. A tangled mass of wood and iron was attached to the other end of the wreckage. Brinkman and the men had been trying to chop the spar loose, but the danger was that if it dropped into the sea again it might be swept under the port propeller. I decided we must secure the dangling mass by a line thrown from the gun platform atop the deck house. Brinkman had the same idea, but had hesitated to order men to the nasty job without corroboration from the bridge. The phones had gone dead from a short circuit somewhere. I asked Dennis to stand by while I went back to the bridge and reported.

"Hell, no!" Dennis said. "You don't have to send any men topside. I'll go. Think Leidig is going to laugh at us? We're as game as he is."

HE grabbed a length of line, bit down on his fist to keep from vomiting again, and started out. I was determined to be as big a damn' fool. I went with him. Brinkman followed us. He saved our lives several times before the job was done. That gun platform was no place to play around during a typhoon! Once Brinkman grabbed me by the breeches as I was sailing overside, and at another point in proceedings he braced Dennis against number three gun until a large portion of the China Sea went by. We finally managed to lasso the dangling wreckage and make it fast. We noticed a figure waving at us from the signal station, but pretended not to see.

Brinkman eased us down the ladder. We squatted in the deck-house passage at last, like a couple of sick dogs, while the others laid ax to timber. Then, rested, we fought our way back to the bridge.

I explained the mishap to Leidig.

"Good work!" he said. "You gave us a bad few minutes up there. I sent Donohue to signal you down—"

"We didn't see him, sir."

"I'm damn' glad of that. Have Brinkman give me the high sign when he's got that spar ready to drop overside. I'll manage a drift to leeward."

"Aye, aye, sir."

He nodded and grinned. He looked very tired.

"The worst is over. I've relieved Mort and Hal. You fellows get some lunch and rest a while."

"You need rest too, sir."

He shook his head.

The typhoon, balked in its first rush and outwitted in its trickiness, had settled down to a war of attrition. We were wallowing along on a northwesterly course, and the storm hounded us from the port quarter. The wind was still force-nine and seas like jagged basalt foothills reared all around us. It rained in squalls.

Leidig was vomiting as Dennis and I left the bridge. I had to pause in sympathy on the well deck. Dennis delivered instructions to Brinkman. We both wabbled like drunken men as we fumbled for the door to the officers' hatch. I had never been so seasick.

I felt as if a wire bristle brush was being drawn back and forth through my insides. I dared not look at the chaotic sky line.

We found it worse below. The air

was a mixture of oil fumes, toilet disinfectant, and vomit. We dragged ourselves into the damp, disordered wardroom. Starling and Chenoweth were there, comrades in misery. Chenoweth had a bloody welt on the side of his head. He was sucking at a lemon and trying to drink coffee. Every time he poured half a cupful, the Spearman corkscrewed and sloshed coffee down his sleeve.

That afternoon about four thirty we ran out of the track of the typhoon. The clouds parted and the sun let fall a golden net to drag Davy Jones's locker for good dead sailormen. On the bridge we heard Horus say, "It'll be simple enough from now on, sir. Better let us take over."

Leidig weaved weakly and squinted at the sky.

"Yes—take over."

We caught him as he turned. He shook us off.

"Quite all right. Quite all right—"

We moored to an oil dock on the Whangpoo. There was a great rush to go ashore.

Chenoweth and Starling could not wait for our motor boat to be swung overside.

"Meet us at the Shanghai Club, Joel," Chenoweth said. "I'm going to give Hal a knockdown to the prettiest Russky in China. I'll save one for you!"

"Thanks, but I promised Dennis—"

"Bring him along! That iron-man stuff can't last. This is China."

"Well—perhaps," I said.

In the wardroom I saw Horus leaving Leidig's cabin. He had his hands full of reports.

"The cap'n wants to see you, Tiernan."

"Aye, aye, sir."

LEIDIG was at his desk.

"Sit down, Joel."

"Thank you, sir."

He finished signing some letters.

"Now, then—" He swung about, smiling and friendly. "First of all—I want to forget all that happened in Manila. No hard feelings, Joel?"

"None, sir."

"That's great. I have none. You fellows were right and I was wrong. I—er—went haywire in a good many ways. But that's done. China is a new day. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

He glanced at a radiogram on his desk.

"Captain Hatfield is pleased with the manner in which we brought this ship through the dirty weather—"

"Thanks to you, sir."

"Good of you, Joel. I don't mind telling you I was glad to discover that—well—that I still had it in me. Now, then—I want you and Karnell to know I've not overlooked your handling of the deck-house damage. It is going into your fitness reports—"

"DENNIS really deserves all the credit, sir. I—"

"Come, come, don't go modest on me! Haven't I just given myself a pat on the back? No, that was a dangerous job and damn' well done. I think we have a ship, Joel."

"I'm sure of it, sir."

"We've got to keep it a ship!" He grimaced at the odor wafted through the open port above his head. "I've been here before and I know what China does to us. Shanghai can be the foulest port in the world, if we let it. We've got to keep busy. I'm depending on you to look after Mort and Hal as much as you can. Fine lads, both of them, but—just kids, after all."

"Yes, sir."

"Good. And, Joel—when Mrs. Leidig arrives, we'll want to be seeing you often."

"Thank you, sir." . . .

I was reading in my room one afternoon, when Dennis, who had the day's duty, came in. "She's here."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Gorce."

"Where?"

"In Leidig's cabin."

Had the perils of the typhoon restored to Leidig mastery of himself? What will be the effect of Mrs. Gorce's arrival in Shanghai on the tangled lives of Leidig, his wife, and Joel Tiernan? In the next installment of this powerful novel there is a crisis in the love of Aithra and Joel, involving raw drama, that will thrill you.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 40

1—The Magna Charta was signed there June 15, 1215.

2—Seven.

3—General James Edward Oglethorpe.

4—John Philip Sousa.

5—By George Washington, September 18, 1793.

6—A large horned goat of Europe and Asia.

7—Remus.

8—East of southern Argentina in the south Atlantic.

9—A character in Alice in Wonderland.

10—A public slaughterhouse.

11—The Koran.

12—Moravian Seminary and College for Women, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, founded 1742.

13—Inventor of the type-setting machine.

14—Adam Smith.

15—In Boston and Montreal in 1851.

16—The Knickerbocker Club in 1845.

17—Near Colorado Springs, Colorado.

18—By the colonists' naval vessels in 1776.

19—The South American ostrich.

20—Elizabeth of England.

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC

PAIN

Why suffer throbbing muscular pain? Obtain ease in 5 minutes—and real relief, generally, in 5 hours—by rubbing on good old Musterole. Doctors recommend it—better than a mustard plaster. NOT just a salve, Musterole is a *"counter-irritant"*—its soothing, warming, penetrating benefits seem simply to melt pain away. Clean, easy to use, not messy. Used by millions for over 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild) and extra strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia Stations. See your newspaper.

MUSTEROLE

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Easiest Way To Become Popular

FOR just one week, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets before going to bed, and see how your mirror flatters you—cheeks like velvet, a lovely skin and happy, sparkling eyes.

So mild and yet so pure, countless grateful women have come to call these wonderful tablets the "internal cosmetic," because they remove the *inside* causes of blemishes, pimples, headaches and that general run-down feeling.

Beauty for every woman

A gratifying substitute for calomel, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets act safely and gently on the liver, relieving constipation and clearing the system of poison so perilous to beauty.

Ask at any drug store, for these olive colored tablets, compounded of vegetable ingredients, if you want to look and feel years younger. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

$2,500 PRESIDENTS CONTEST

ONLY ONE MORE WEEK TO GO!

THE FOREHEAD *is of a relative of a Collector of the Port of New York; the eyes and nose are of one who was a native of New Hampshire; the mouth and chin are of a New England storekeeper's son.*

THE FOREHEAD *is of one who took the oath of office twice in one month; the eyes and nose are of one who was famous as an explorer as well as an officer of volunteers; the mouth and chin are of a brigadier general.*

HERE are the semifinals of the $2,500 Cash Prize Presidents Contest. Completing and identifying the Presidential portraits in this week's composites will bring you within just three pictures of the goal. The prize money beckons you toward the line. Now that the game is almost over, stay with it! If you have solved the composites up to this point, don't give up now. Your opportunity to win remains excellent. Will you file a valid claim?

Read the rules over carefully before you get down to the serious business of preparing your set of pictures for entry. Don't lose sight of the fact that the correctness of your pictures and their identifications are the basis of value with the judges. Ornate presentation will not hide inaccuracies. It will waste your time and money. So plan on simplicity. While you are waiting for the last three pictures in next week's Liberty check over what you have worked out so far. It will be too late to make corrections once your entry is in the mails.

THE FOREHEAD *is of a son of the Governor of a New England state; the eyes and nose are of a native of the "Green Mountain" state; the mouth and chin are of one who lived on a North Dakota ranch and hunted.*

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.
2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.
6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

THIS IS SET NO. 9—THE FINAL SET WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!

The EYE of FATE

A SHORT SHORT STORY

READING TIME: 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

"HE is," said Detective Sergeant Hannigan, "a very smart man, a very painstaking one, and a very good shot with a revolver. But," and he settled back over his second cup of coffee and his first cigarette, "but, for all that, he's on his way to the chair. 'Twas like this:

The fellow Guirney that we took in this afternoon used to be partners with the murdered man in a dress shop. When business began to fall off, the partner, Hallam, decided he'd had enough and moved to a little place he'd bought way up in the hills. To keep good feeling, he gave his half of the business to Guirney.

But business got worse. Guirney began to brood. And then, belikes, he had his grand idea. He closed shop as usual last night, got in his car and drove off. But instead of going to his garage, he parked two blocks away. This garage, by the way, is a three-car one—private. The owners have two cars.

One they're using on their usual three-week summer tour. Sometime—probably yesterday—Guirney switched plates on his car and the other one.

Leaving his car, Guirney goes to his apartment, speaking a casual word to the elevator operator, who also runs the switchboard. This was about ten o'clock.

Around midnight, William, the elevator man, gets a call on the house board. "Run out and get me a pack of cigarettes?" asks Guirney. William takes 'em up and sees Guirney in pyjamas with all the appearances of a man on his way to bed.

Then Guirney gets dressed, slips a revolver in his pocket, and goes out and stands near the elevator shaft, and when he hears the car coming up, slips down the stairs and out of the lobby unseen.

He gets in his car and drives off, taking as much as he could unfrequented roads and driving at moderate speed to avoid attracting attention. He reached Hallam's about five and parked off the road, out of sight of the house and highway both.

Around seven Guirney is mounting the front steps when to his surprise Hallam opens the door.

"Hello!" says Hallam as he shakes hands. "I was just going down the lake. Come in," he invites. "You probably haven't had breakfast."

"Yes," answers Guirney. "Yes, I have. I stopped at a road stand."

"Fine, then," Hallam replies; "if you've nothing urgent—" He pauses, eyebrows lifted, until Guirney shakes his head. "Come along down the lake with me. I spotted a nest of young herons last evening and I'm going to row down now and try to get a picture of the funny little beggars."

With that he grabs his hat off the hall rack, takes his camera from a stand, and the two of them start for the near-by lake. They get in the rowboat, Guirney taking the oars and Hallam sitting in the stern, his camera in his lap, enjoying his after-breakfast pipe.

Hallam, unsuspecting, chats away, welcoming this visit from his old partner.

They reach the lower end, and Guirney drops the oars and pulls his gun. 'Twas then that Hallam got his first inkling of his fate. Maybe he knew why; maybe not. But at any rate he held out his hands, pleading, begging Guirney not to shoot. His answer was a bullet that struck him in the pit of the stomach, crashed through his backbone, and killed him instantly. He never made a sound; just kind of folded up and pitched forward on his face to the bottom of the boat. Guirney steps cautiously ashore, walks back to his car, and drives off.

Back in the city, he leaves the car several blocks from the garage, figuring to put it in tonight and switch plates again. He walks to the corner near his apartment house, waits until he sees some people go in, gives 'em a minute or two, and then slips in the entrance himself.

The elevator's gone up and he hot-foots it to his apartment unseen. This was about eleven o'clock.

At eleven fifteen Guirney calls the switchboard. Will the boy ask the restaurant around the corner to send up bacon and eggs and a container of coffee?

Guirney lets the waiter in, chatting casually and calling attention to his own laziness in sleeping late.

"But," I interrupted, unable longer to keep back the question, "why did Guirney shoot Hallam? Surely not just because he quit the business?"

"Naw," replied Hannigan. "I forgot to tell you that. When the two of 'em were partners each of them took out a ten-thousand-dollar life insurance payable to the other. Lots of partners do that. And this policy hadn't lapsed."

Again my curiosity made me interrupt. "How, Hannigan, if he planned so well, did you pin the murder on him?"

"Well, he had a good plan. He thought of everything. The elevator man would testify he'd seen him ready for bed and hadn't seen him go out. The waiter would swear he'd seen him in his pyjamas the next morning, apparently just fresh from a good night's sleep. The other elevator man hadn't seen him come in. 'Tis true, he ran some slight chance being seen driving up to Hallam's and back, but remember, he didn't use his own plates. He threw his gun in the lake after he'd shot poor Hallam.

"He planned all right. But he got one bad break."

"What was that?" I countered.

"The thing that made him confess when we sprung it on him. He didn't know when he drew that gun and—like the crack shot he was—sent a bullet crashing into Hallam's stomach instead of, like an amateur, aiming for the head or heart—he didn't know that that same bullet, before it killed Hallam—hit the rubber bulb of the camera and that the impact clicked the shutter. When the film was developed, following discovery of the body by some hikers, we got a perfect picture of Guirney sitting in the boat with his gun trained on Hallam.

"That," concluded Hannigan, "was fate."

THE END

by LEE PASQUIN

VOX

VALUABLE TO INDUSTRY AND LABOR

ATLANTA, GA.—We particularly compliment Liberty on the extended series of editorials covering the last eight or ten numbers. A sentiment is expressed that is valuable to industry, and should be equally as valuable to the leaders of labor if they would only consider them.—*J. P. McGrath, Secretary-Treasurer, Georgia Manufacturers' Association.*

NOT MADDER THAN HELL?

PEORIA HEIGHTS, ILL.—"The man in the White House needs help," says Mrs. Wylie. What reckless pronouncing! The President has enjoyed more power than a dictator: Congress obeys his wishes and he has had almost universal support from the people. All of his plans to date have been feeble experiments, as will all the rest be, unless through him the government captures the entire banking system of the nation and operates it for the benefit of all the people, establishing a judicious system of distribution of federal bank credit and currency throughout the nation, based on national physical wealth and the population.

The reckless contraction of bank credit during periods of economic uncertainty is a natural defect in any private banking system of various independent unrelated units. For this reason private banking, with its monopoly of control of credit and currency, is economically the most dangerous device extant.

Mrs. Wylie states that she has been "all over" the country and has seen things. It is to laugh! If she had seen one tenth of one per cent of the direful physical suffering abroad in the land, she would be ill yet, or be in a padded cell.

Try to laugh this off. The depression (a world of grief in one word) has been with us over four years; F. D. Roosevelt has been with us during this period; he has been President (and Congress) about a year; the depression thrives viciously on, indifferent; and "I [Mrs. Wylie] think the President has such a plan."

"Hello, sucker!" said the n.-c. hostess; and a certain Eastern Bad Boy recently wrote, "Baseless hope is the last infirmity of feeble minds, but the power of self-deception must have a limit." Was he kidding us?

The lady is dumber, not madder, than hell; but that's natural in a woman.—*André Andersen.*

TOO MUCH—

TORONTO, ONT.—You're putting too much into your magazine. No kidding. I really mean it! As a matter of fact, when I open up my Liberty every week the two middle pages pop out! As far as I'm concerned, you can go ahead and put as much as you like into the *best* five-cent magazine.—*Don Bonyun.*

—AND TOO LITTLE

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Most of your stories are very dull and I have wasted very many nickels on your magazine, so why not have Elliott White Springs some new ones? I bet you won't print this one from good old Minnesota.—*Lemural Sikes.*

CONGRATULATIONS FROM COACH DREWS ON LIBERTY'S ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

PRINCETON, N. J.—May I congratulate you upon the All-Players All-America Football Team? No method yet devised has been quite so fair. However, may I ask one question?

On page 20 of the February 10 Liberty you say, "Le Van of Princeton, considered a great halfback by Amherst, Washington-Lee, and Williams, lost considerable standing when only two Navy players and none of Rutgers named him."

Le Van was held out of the Rutgers game for very obvious reasons and so the Rutgers players could hardly give him a rating. Does your system take that fact into consideration or does the fact that he missed a game detract from his usefulness to a team? I could understand it in the case of a player who was always getting injured, but not in this case. Le Van was not hurt but was kept out of the game by his coach in order to be absolutely certain of his appearance against Yale the next week.

I merely happened to notice that statement regarding the Rutgers game and thought it might call attention to a possible weakness in your otherwise great plan.—*Theodore W. Drews, Assistant Football and Head Track Coach, Lawrenceville School.*

MR. SPER TELLS WHY GARY LE VAN DID NOT MAKE THE TEAM

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In answer to the question regarding Le Van of Princeton: We realized just such a possible fallacy and accordingly attempted to prevent it. A letter was mailed to the football authorities of all participating universities and colleges asking that they notify us as to what games their first-string players did *not* play in. Perhaps through an oversight, Princeton neglected to answer this query.

However, Le Van's percentage from Amherst and Navy was in the low eighties and had we disregarded Rutgers results he would not have made the team.

To prevent a recurrence of this possible fault other precautions will be taken in the future.—*Norman Sper.*

APOLOGIES TO JOE SKLADANY, A GREAT PLAYER, AND HERE IS HIS PICTURE!

DUNKIRK, N. Y.—Just read about your All-America team and it's not so bad, but why not use Muggsy Skladany's picture as long as you're going to use his name? That player you have listed is Ted Dailey, who was Joe's wingmate on the Pitt varsity in 1932. I am inclosing a picture of Skladany and Dailey so you can see where you erred and correct yourself. You can publish the real All-America's photo and give Liberty readers a break.—*Robert McMachan.*

[Thanks to Edwin James, Jerry Emerson, and Russell Blair, of Seattle, Wash., Paul Estes of Burbank, Calif., Charles Batson of Kalamazoo, Mich., C. L. Wilson of Iowa, and John Walker, age 12, of Macdonaldton, Pa., for their helpful letters of criticism.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PRECIOUS YOUTH WASTED ON A THOMAS BURKE STORY?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—After working conscientiously on a synopsis of the short story Laughing Lillian, in January 20 Liberty, I handed it in to my magazine teacher as a class assignment. A few days later I received the synopsis with naught but these words written by my teacher: "Robinetta, why do you waste your precious youth on this?"

I felt that you should share my embarrassment.—*R. M. S.*

MAYBE THE FRENCH ARE NOT SO CRAZY, AT THAT!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Well, I see by the papers that those crazy French are at it again. Why can't they take things calmly, as we Americans do? There they are, rioting, shooting each other, overthrowing the government—and for what? Just because they think they have been robbed, and because they think some of their government officials have shared in the plunder. Now isn't that like the crazy French, to get excited over a little thing like this?

Look at us! Look how we take it on the chin! We get robbed by the small politicians and by the big ones, and we keep on smiling. That's us! That's America. Why, if the French were over here now and read about what happened in those air-mail contracts, what wouldn't they do? What do *we* do? Why, we just say, "Tut-tut, tweet-tweet"—and ask for more!—*Americus.*

HOW THINGS ARE BEING DONE THESE DAYS

BABYLON, N. Y.—First I read an article in Liberty by the Assistant Secretary of War. Mr. Woodring stated that in case of trouble the army would take over everything. Next I read in the papers that two hundred college professors ask the President to fire Woodring for his utterances. Then I read where the President has publicly spanked Mr. Woodring, probably for telling the truth in public. And now the army has taken over the mails!—*H. O. S.*

BUT DID YOU GET IT?

LAFAYETTE, LA.—In your Twenty Questions for February 17 the question is asked: "Who was the author of the German poem Die Lorelei?" Of the 2,000,000 readers of Liberty I'll venture that 1,999,999 couldn't furnish the correct answer—the only one who could being the editor himself. Why not give us an easy one—say, for instance; "Who wrote Home for Money?" All of us who are reminiscent of our college days could answer one like that!—*Bill Williamson.*

POP

GIVE HIM A FINGERPRINT AND HE WILL GET HIS MAN

CLAREMONT, CALIF.—I am considered one of the best fingerprint experts in Southern California by the authorities. Therefore Mr. Hughes should be glad to know that I am in favor of his plan to fingerprint everybody. As for this William H. Lewis, Jr., who does he think he is? He refers to prints being fogged or partly obliterated so they cannot be compared. Well, I have not yet failed to get my man, regardless of what I had to go on as evidence in the shape of a fingerprint.—*William Jorge.*

[Other interesting letters on this debate came from Ira Hall of Jonacy, Ky., and Merle Terwilliger of the Institute of Applied Science, Port Jervis, N. Y.]

LAWRENCE—THE HERO

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I read with considerable pleasure and interest Captain John H. Norton's I Flew Lawrence in War-Crazed Arabia.

As a regular reader of Liberty and as an ex-officer who served for six years in Mesopotamia and northwest Persia with the British forces, and incidentally was associated with Colonel Lawrence for a short period, I can testify to the authenticity of this narrative by Captain Norton.

I believe I speak for a very large number of readers when I say that your subscribers would welcome more articles of this character and particularly from the pen of Captain Norton.—*Leslie Woods, ex-Lieutenant Royal Engineers Attached 1st K. G. O. Sappers and Miners, Indian Army.*

LAWRENCE—THE VILLAIN?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your articles by Captain John H. Norton, eulogizing the deeds of Lawrence of Arabia, can hardly be called noteworthy of praise. Your hero, Lawrence of Arabia, a man of no ethics who has violated all laws of mankind, hid behind the cloaks of his desert barbarians and caused them to perpetrate upon humans such an atrocity as the unjustified killing of prisoners under cover of darkness, and many other crimes too numerous to mention.

In history he goes down as a hero. But to civilization he is a monstrosity who has made Pizarro look like a piker. —*Ex-Sailor of the Battle of Jutland.*

The story Did Astor Find Capt. Kidd's Riches?—recently concluded in Liberty—has created so much interest and brought in so many inquiries concerning the identity of Allen Marsh, whose name appeared as the author, that we are going to let you in on a secret. Allen Marsh is a pen name for two well known magazine writers, Hugh Weir and Frederick L. Collins, who collaborated in producing the article and submitted it to Liberty as an authentic document.

SHE HAD HER FACE LIFTED

MEDFORD, ORE.—Kindly allow me to add my voice to the many protests you have no doubt received regarding the illustrations on page 8, January 27th issue, with the article Why We Must Have a Navy Second to None, by Claude A. Swanson.

The caption on the New Mexico photograph reads, "a modernized first-line battleship of the American navy," while directly below, the U. S. S. Maryland is described as an "older first-line battleship."

The New Mexico, first electric-drive battleship, was commissioned during the war, while the Maryland, first of the sixteen-inch main battery ships, went into service seven years later.—*Louis Richardson, Late Corporal, U. S. Marine Corps.*

[These photographs were obtained from Commander E. J. Estess, Navy Recruiting Bureau, who also supplied the caption material. It is true that the hull of the New Mexico is seven years older than that of the Maryland. But the New Mexico was completely reconditioned, which makes it a new, modern battleship by seven years. You will note that the caption for the New Mexico reads "a modernized first-line battleship."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

INSPIRATION FROM LIBERTY'S SHERMAN ROGERS

AUGUSTA, GA.—Sherman Rogers, associate editor of Liberty, has delivered a series of addresses in Augusta that has brought new life and new hope to this community.

Mr. Rogers has appeared before business men and service clubs, high schools and colleges, where he has been greeted with unprecedented enthusiasm. His appeal to our people has inspired them as no speaker in these parts has been able to do in the past. Your associate wasted no time in retorting to high-sounding platitudes, but he did stir all groups with common-sense logic delivered with sincerity and force.

The manager of our radio station reports that the response to Mr. Rogers's three addresses broadcast to our citizens was remarkable. The station was besieged with inquiries as to when the speaker could be again heard.

We want you to know how deeply we appreciate the constructive work Liberty is performing for the country in sending out such a distinguished orator and thinker as Sherman Rogers to mobilize community spirit and coöperative effort.—*R. L. Sumerau, Jr., President, Exchange Flashes.*

AND DEPARTING LEAVES BEHIND HIM FOOTPRINTS IN THE "SNOWS" OF TIME

WILLOW HILL, ILL.—Being an R. F. D. carrier, I noticed a few "defects" in your February 10 cover page picture. Evidently the mail man has recently left some letters in the mail box for the pretty miss, although I fail to see any signs of a track to the box.—*S. L. Keeler.*

WHY DISTURB THE PRIVACY OF KING KONG?

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—Let's have the Private Life and Loves of King Kong. After McCormic, Harlow, Hepburn, Chatterton, and Baer, surely King Kong is next!—*Carl Kuchenbrod.*

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME
3 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

DRAWING
by
CARL
LINK

ONE human head is worth one pig. One pig is worth one dollar. One dollar is a lot of money in the Beatrice Grimshaw islands.

I get this from Margaret Mead, brilliant lady scientist who explores wild places for the American Museum of Natural History. Dr. Mead—that's Margaret—has just come back after spending twenty-two months among the New Guinea head-hunters and cannibals known to you Liberty readers through Beatrice Grimshaw's fascinating stories of the far Pacific.

Talking with Margaret Mead, I soon discovered that the truth about this outlandish part of the world is even stranger than the fiction.

Suicide by cannibalism is a custom of the country. If you find yourself disgraced in your own village, you climb into your canoe and paddle down the river to an enemy tribe. Politeness obliges them to kill you and *eat* you—whether you are appetizing or not. Your wealth is accounted by the number of enemy skulls you possess. The skulls are grotesquely tricked up with sculptured clay, paint, feathers, fancy shells, and what not. Nobody wears any clothes, yet buttons are coveted by all. They use buttons for money.

DR. MARGARET MEAD

They chew betel nuts. The betel turns their teeth black, and they think they look handsome that way. An American dentist has worked up quite a business making sets of black false teeth for toothless betel chewers.

A CLEVER man who designs very elegant (and expensive) clothes for women has just given me these make-up tips. He says:

"Make-up is the secret of wearing bright-colored clothes successfully. The same make-up is not suitable for all colors. It must be suitable both to the color of the dress and the nature of the wearer's complexion.

"Women of pale complexion often think that they cannot wear strong blue. They are wrong. They can wear it with proper make-up. For this they should use ocher-tinted powder, rouge and lipstick of an orange-red shade, and wear a touch of filmy white at the throat."

And he also says: "When you wear white, be sure that your lipstick tones exactly with the natural pink of your lips, and your rouge matches the natural pink of your cheeks.

"With dresses of the wine shade use lipstick and rouge of a bluish tint. Above all, learn to change your make-up according to your costume."

WITTY people now feel insulted if you call them wise-crackers. The term wise-cracking has fallen into disrepute. Yet the piquant maxims and epigrams coined by such famous old cards as Talleyrand, Wilde, and Whistler were certainly nothing more nor less than wise cracks of their day. They have merely been dignified by much repetition in polite society. It seems also to me that quite a few of Lincoln's celebrated sayings were definitely in the wise-crack class. While the wise cracks of today are sometimes excruciatingly unfunny—here I have the radio ha-ha man and the movie travelogue punster in mind—I do not understand why wise-cracking, as such, has come to be considered a low form of humor. One of the tragedies of my life is that I am constitutionally disqualified from ever being a wise-cracker. I'd love to be one, but I just can't. When I crack wise, nobody laughs.

GEORGE SELDES has written another important book—the Vatican Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow. I find it a vivacious study of one of the world's most powerful institutions. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

CREME BACCHIQUE is the name the French have for this dessert. Pagan Pudding may not be the exact translation, but that is about as near as I can get.

It is really a wine custard with brandied cherries. Very sophisticated! You make it as follows:

To 2 cups good white wine add ½ cup sugar and a pinch of cinnamon. Bring to boiling point, then pour *slowly* into six well beaten egg yolks. Strain. Pour into custard cups.

Place in a pan of water and cook *very slowly* in oven 40 minutes. Serve cold with brandied cherries.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

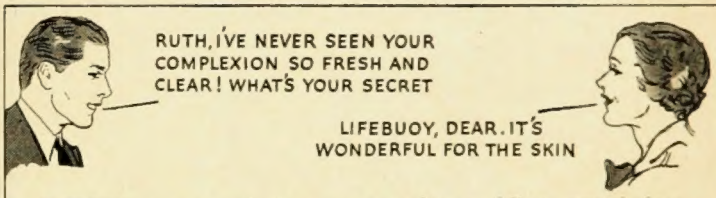
BABY JIM'S ALL PAID FOR NOW

YOUNG JIMMY BROUGHT US LUCK, RUTH. I GOT THAT JOB TODAY. SWELL SALARY!
DARLING, I'M SO GLAD. NOW WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT OWING THE DOCTOR

LATER
WISH I COULD PAY THE WHOLE BILL, DOCTOR. BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG MY JOB WILL LAST
SORRY TO HEAR THAT. WEREN'T YOU ONE OF THE FIRST TO GO BACK UNDER THE NEW DEAL?

YES, I WAS TAKEN ON BY A FINE FIRM. EVERY THING ROSY UNTIL LATELY. NOW THE BOSS ACTS COOL— PUTS OTHER MEN AHEAD OF ME. I'D QUIT ONLY...
SUPPOSE YOU LET ME SUGGEST SOMETHING FIRST...

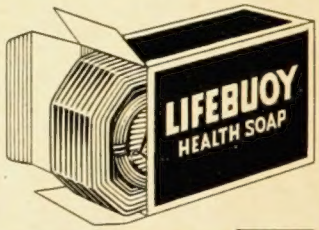
"B.O." GONE —
lasting prosperity for this family
JIMMY'S ALL PAID FOR, RUTH! GOT MY RAISE TODAY— SO I SETTLED WITH THE DOCTOR
WONDERFUL, DEAR. WE'LL SOON BE ON EASY STREET



KEEP your complexion *young*—softly sparkling, crystal clear. Difficult? Expensive? Not with this simple, refreshing "home" facial! Work up a rich Lifebuoy lather. Massage it well into pores; then rinse. Do this nightly—see skin bloom with health. Your turn now to enjoy a radiant, *Lifebuoy* complexion!

Facts about "B. O."

We all perspire a quart a day. We grow accustomed to the odor—offend *unknowingly!* Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its purifying lather *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects!



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

SNAPPY SHAVES ARE HERE AGAIN!

JUST BECAUSE WE'RE ON A VACATION YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO 'ROUND LIKE A TRAMP. LOOK AT TOM'S CLEAN SHAVE
WELL, I'VE GOT A TOUGH BEARD. TO SHAVE CLOSE MAKES MY FACE SORE. TOM'S WHISKERS ARE JUST A LOT OF FUZZ

OH, YEAH? MY BEARD'S TOUGHER THAN YOURS, BUT SHAVING NEVER HURTS MY FACE. I GET ALL THE WHISKERS OFF CLEAN, TOO
GIVE ME THE LOW-DOWN, TOMMY. I SCRAPE AND SCRAPE, YET I NEVER GET A CLEAN SHAVE

IT'S A CINCH, FRED. TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER TAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF THE TOUGHEST WHISKERS —EASY ON THE SKIN, TOO
YOU BET I'LL TRY IT! RIGHT NOW!

NOW YOU LOOK LIKE YOUR OLD SELF, FREDDY. YOUR FACE IS SO CLEAN AND SMOOTH
YES, AND IT FEELS GREAT, TOO. NOT A BIT SORE. THE EXTRA-MOIST, SOOTHING LIFEBUOY LATHER DID IT

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A123, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day tube. (*This offer is good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

2 *about* Cigarettes

There are 6 types of home-grown tobaccos that are best for cigarettes

BRIGHT TOBACCOS
U. S. Types 11, 12, 13, 14—produced in Virginia, North and South Carolina, and parts of Georgia, Florida and Alabama.

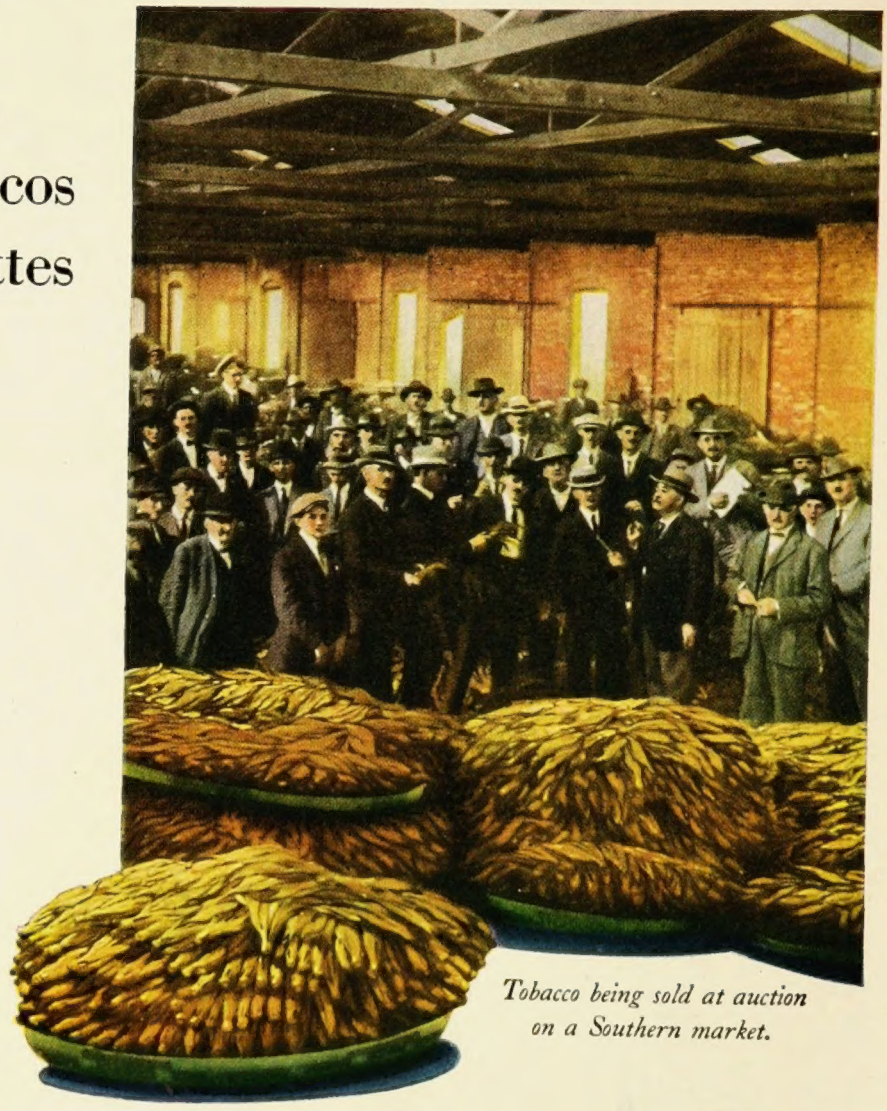
BURLEY TOBACCO
U. S. Type 31—produced in Kentucky.

MARYLAND TOBACCO
U. S. Type 32—produced in Southern Maryland.

These are the kinds of home-grown tobaccos used for making Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Then Chesterfield adds aromatic Turkish tobacco to give just the right seasoning or spice.

Chesterfield ages these tobaccos for 30 months—2½ years—to make sure that they are milder and taste better.



Tobacco being sold at auction on a Southern market.

the cigarette that's **MILDER**
the cigarette that
TASTES BETTER

Chesterfield

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